2 GREAT COLOUR PIC-STORIES

SUPER MAGS

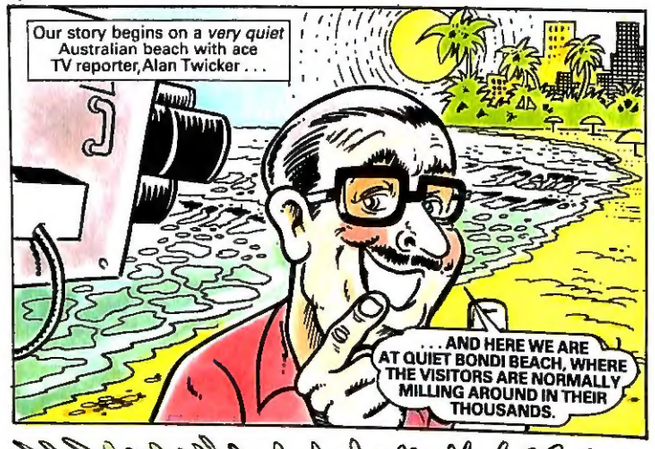
COMIC

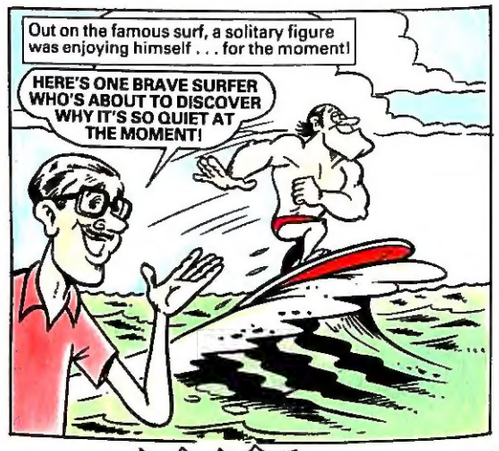
80p

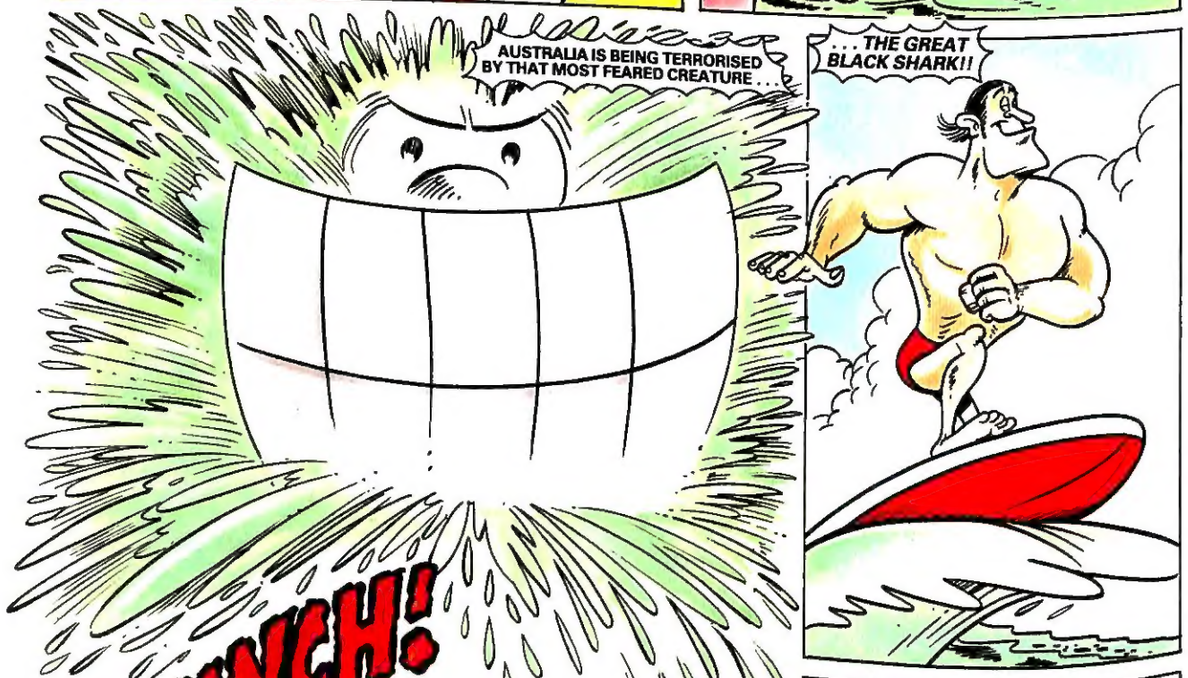
"THE LONG WAY HOME"

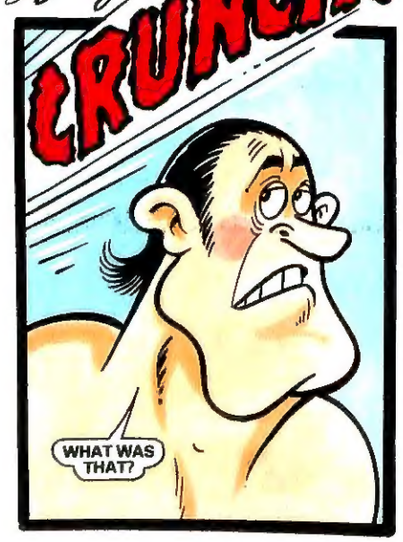
EVER dreaded the thought of a long journey home after a holiday? You know how dull it can be. Well, how would you like to have to make your *own* way home . . . from AUSTRALIA, no less? That's exactly what Dennis the Menace and faithful pal,Gnasher,had to do after their recent trip.

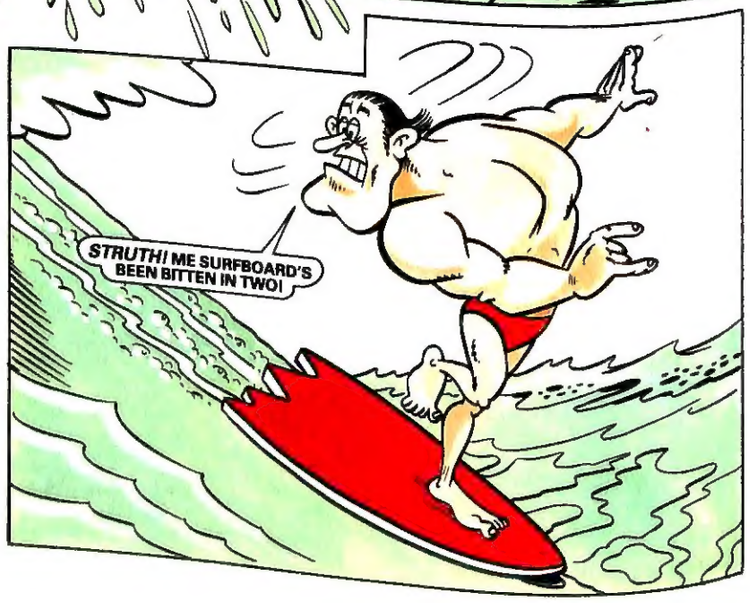
Once you've read this little tale, your journeys home might seem *really* dull.


Our story begins on a *very quiet* Australian beach with ace TV reporter, Alan Twicker . . .
. . . AND HERE WE ARE AT QUIET BONDI BEACH, WHERE THE VISITORS ARE NORMALLY MILLING AROUND IN THEIR THOUSANDS.

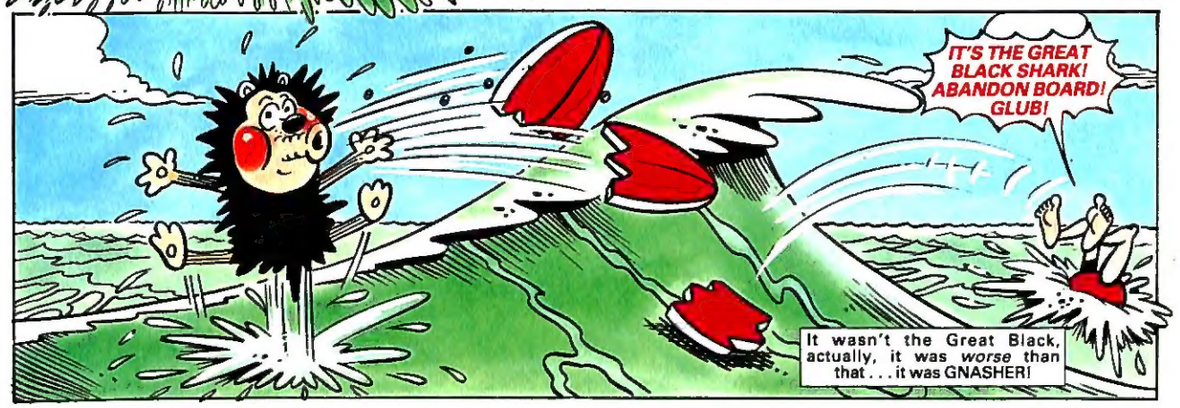

Out on the famous surf, a solitary figure was enjoying himself . . . for the moment!
HERE'S ONE BRAVE SURFER WHO'S ABOUT TO DISCOVER WHY IT'S SO QUIET AT THE MOMENT!


AUSTRALIA IS BEING TERRORISED BY THAT MOST FEARED CREATURE . . .
. . . THE GREAT BLACK SHARK!!


CRUNCH!
WHAT WAS THAT?

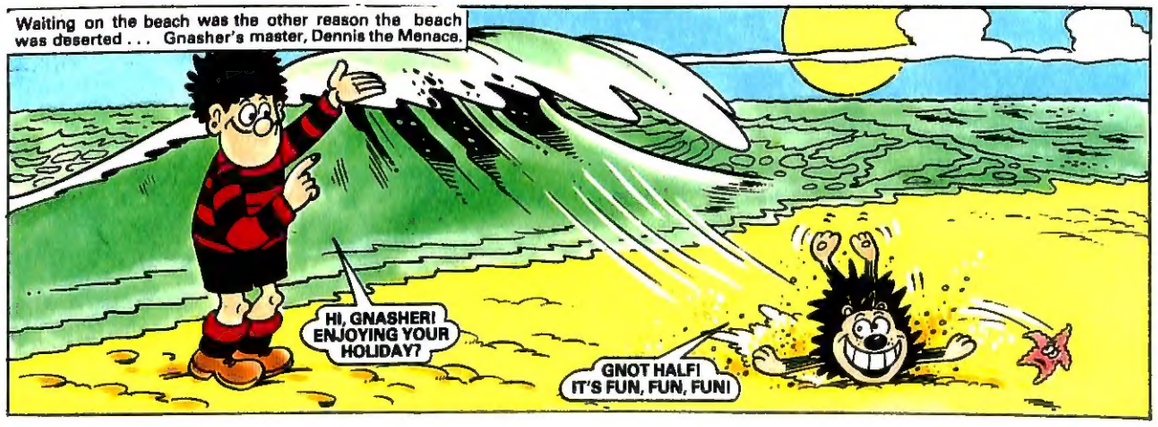

STRUTH! ME SURFBOARD'S BEEN BITTEN IN TWO!

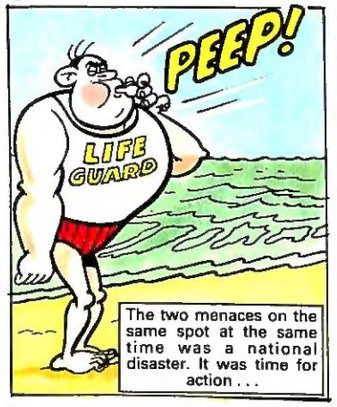
CRUNCH!
WIGGLE ME WOBBLEBOARDS! SOMEONE'S OUT TO GET ME!

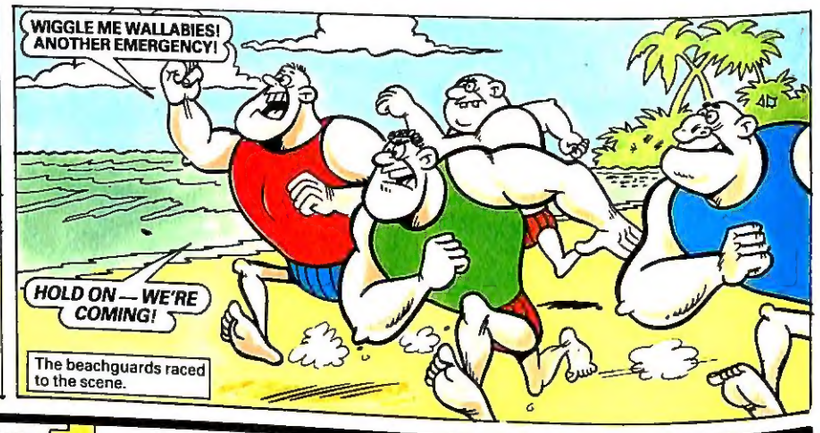

IT'S THE GREAT BLACK SHARK! ABANDON BOARD! GLUB!
It wasn't the Great Black, actually, it was *worse* than that . . . it was GNASHER!

GNEE-HEE! THE SURFBOARD'S JUS' THE PERFECT SIZE FOR ME NOW, BLUEY!

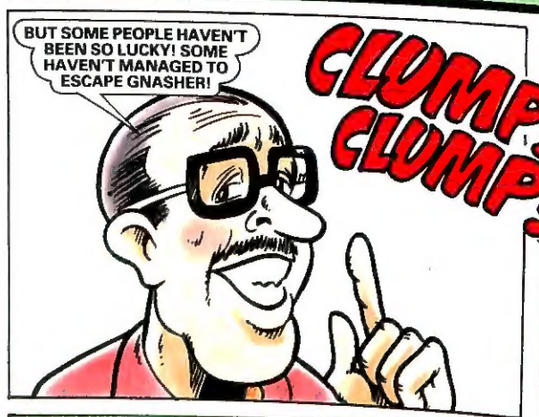
GNEE-HAH! THIS IS THE LIFE!


Waiting on the beach was the other reason the beach was deserted . . . Gnasher's master, Dennis the Menace.
HI, GNASHER! ENJOYING YOUR HOLIDAY?
GNOT HALF! IT'S FUN, FUN, FUN!

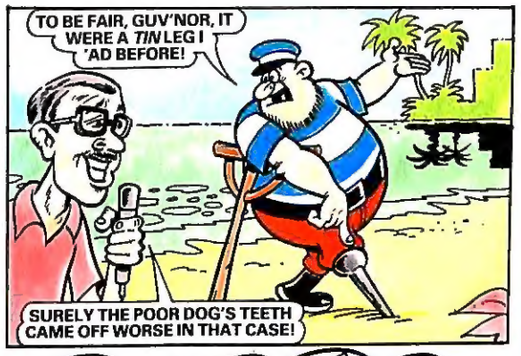

PEEP!
LIFE GUARD
The two menaces on the same spot at the same time was a national disaster. It was time for action . . .


WIGGLE ME WALLABIES! ANOTHER EMERGENCY!
HOLD ON — WE'RE COMING!
The beachguards raced to the scene.

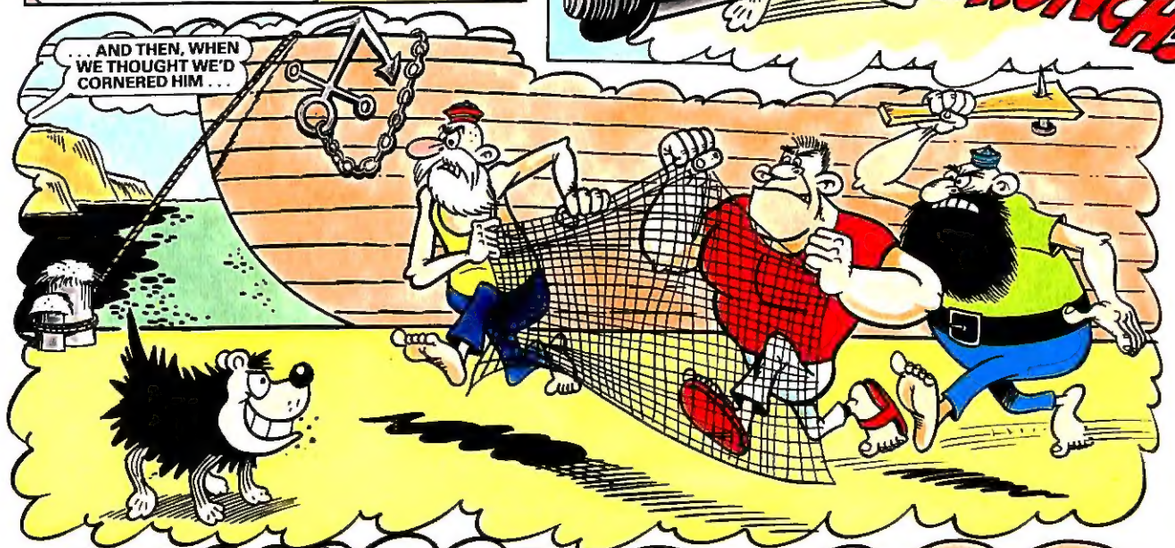
I'M SAVED! OH, YOU'RE SO BRAVE!
YOU'LL BE SAFER OUT HERE! THERE'S ONLY THE ODD SHARK OR TWO!

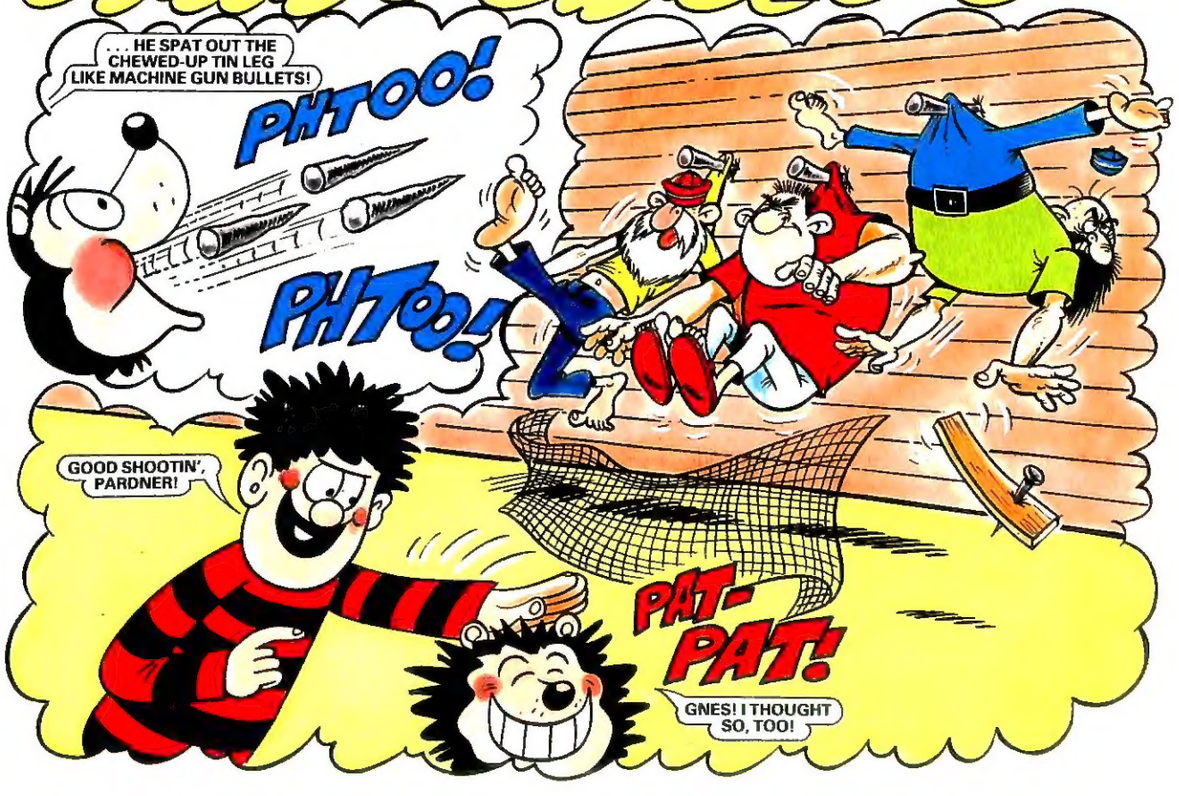

BUT SOME PEOPLE HAVEN'T BEEN SO LUCKY! SOME HAVEN'T MANAGED TO ESCAPE GNASHER!
CLUMP! CLUMP!

THE BRUTE BIT ME LEG CLEAN OFF!
THAT MUST HAVE BEEN QUITE A DOG BONE!


TO BE FAIR, GUV'NOR, IT WERE A TIN LEG I 'AD BEFORE!
SURELY THE POOR DOG'S TEETH CAME OFF WORSE IN THAT CASE!

NOT A BIT OF IT! THE BRUTE JUST CHEWED IT ALL UP!
CHOING! CLANG!
CRUNCH!


. . . AND THEN, WHEN WE THOUGHT WE'D CORNERED HIM . . .


. . . HE SPAT OUT THE CHEWED-UP TIN LEG LIKE MACHINE GUN BULLETS!
PHTOO!
PHTOO!
GOOD SHOOTIN', PARDNER!
PAT-PAT!
GNES! I THOUGHT SO, TOO!

BUT THERE'S WORSE NEWS TO TELL, SIR!

WORSE? . . .

WORSE THAN WORSE! LISTEN TO THIS . . .

GNASHER AND DENNIS GOT HOLD OF A MECHANICAL DIGGER . . .

GNEE-HEE! LOOK AT THOSE *DIGGER* JAWS! JUST LIKE MY GNASHERS!

. . . THEN THE RASCALS BEGAN DIGGIN' A *VERY BIG* TRENCH ACROSS A DEMOLITION SITE NEAR SYDNEY HARBOUR!

RIGHT ON COURSE, GNASHER! NOW ALL WE NEED IS A STIFF BREEZE!

GNEE-HEE!

CHOMP!

CHOMP!

AH! PERFECT! IT'S BLOWING IN JUST THE RIGHT DIRECTION!

WHOOSH!

CHOMP!

JUST A FEW MORE YARDS AND THE DITCH IS FINISHED!

The opera singers in Sydney Opera House were about to hit a sour note . . . and the audience were soon to get a little more than they had paid for . . . a sudden cruise, to be exact!!

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH A DRUNKEN SAILOR . . .?

GNICE ONE, MASTER! WE'VE SET IT ADRIFT!

YUK! NOW IT'S LIKE A *REAL* SAILING SHIP, GNASHER!

However, a great moment was coming for the hard-pressed Australians. News of the great event spread like bushfire and soon thousands of cheering Aussies lined the streets . . .

EMU DINER
SYDNEY FRIED EMU AND CHIPS!
HAVILS SHOES

NOW, THERE'S SOMETHING REALLY EXCITING ABOUT TO HAPPEN HERE! COULD IT BE THE QUEEN'S VISIT? IS THIS HER ROLLS-ROYCE APPEARING NOW?

WELL, NO, IT'S NOT THE QUEEN'S ROLLS! IT'S MORE LIKE A . . . A . . . TO BE HONEST, WHAT THE *DICKENS* IS IT?

TAXI
BC102

What it was, in fact, was a sight to gladden the most depressed Australian's heart . . . it was the taxi taking Dennis to his return flight. His holiday was over!

TURN RIGHT AT UNDERPASS FOR AIRPORT

TAXI
PARP-PARP!
HEY, LOOK AT ALL THOSE OZ FOLK, GNASHER! THEY'RE CHEERING US! AIN'T THAT NICE OF THEM!
BC 102

DON'T KID YOURSELF, LADDIE! THE AUSTRALIANS AREN'T EXACTLY ROOTING FOR YOU! THEY'RE CHEERING YOU *OFF!*

GOODBYE! GOOD RIDDANCE!
AIR AUSTRALIA
WE'LL BE BACK!

WHEN *WILL* WE BE BACK, DENNIS?
NOT FOR A WHILE, GNASHER, BUT THE OZ FOLK DON'T KNOW THAT! FOLLOW ME!

In the cargo hold, Dennis had prepared a nasty surprise for the good folks down-under.

GNEEK! IT LOOKS HORRIBLE! IT LOOKS JUST LIKE YOU!
WARNING - DECOMPRESSION
BLOW!

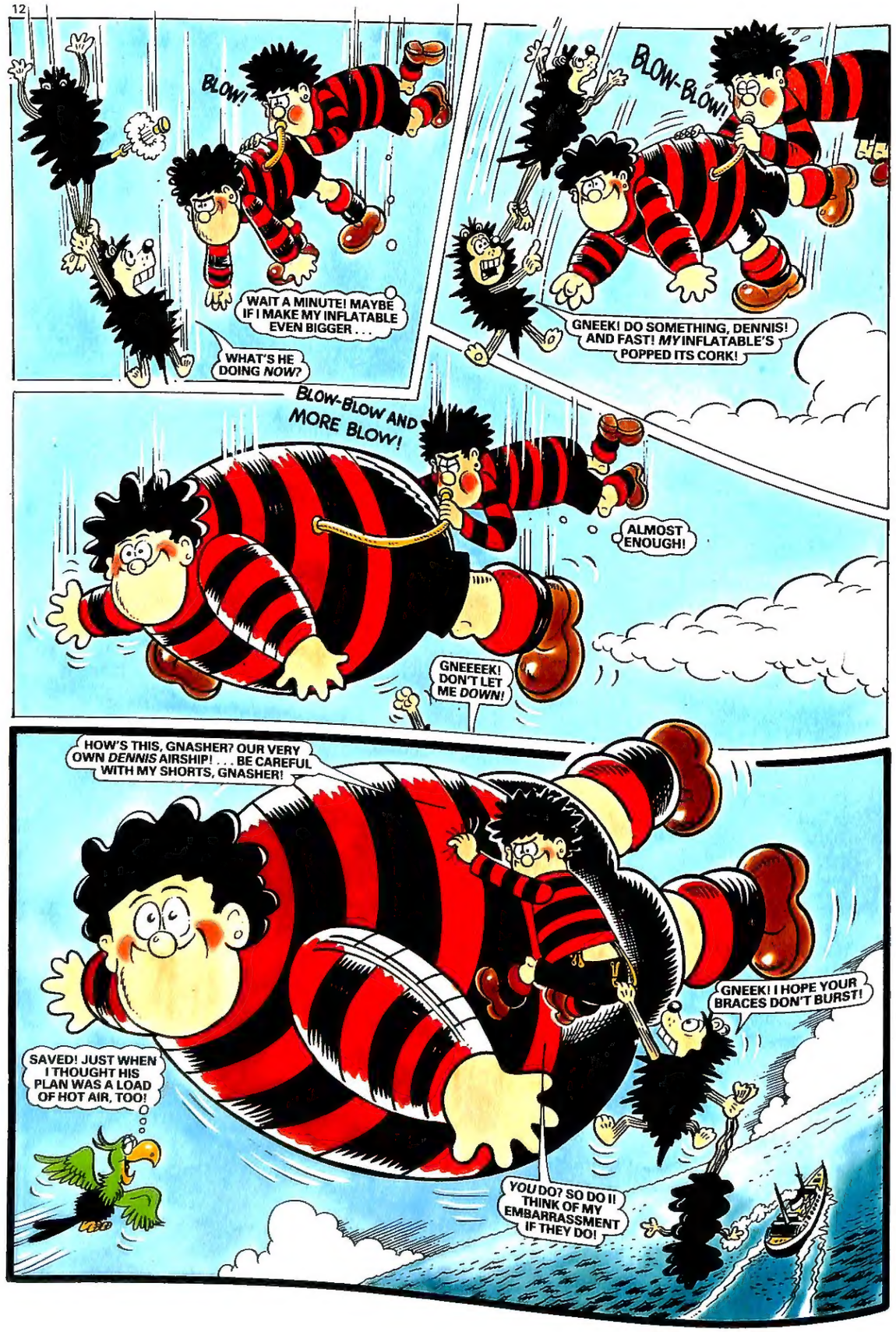
EXACTLY! IT'S AN INFLATABLE *ME!* AND I'VE ALSO GOT AN INFLATABLE *GNASHER!*
OPENED

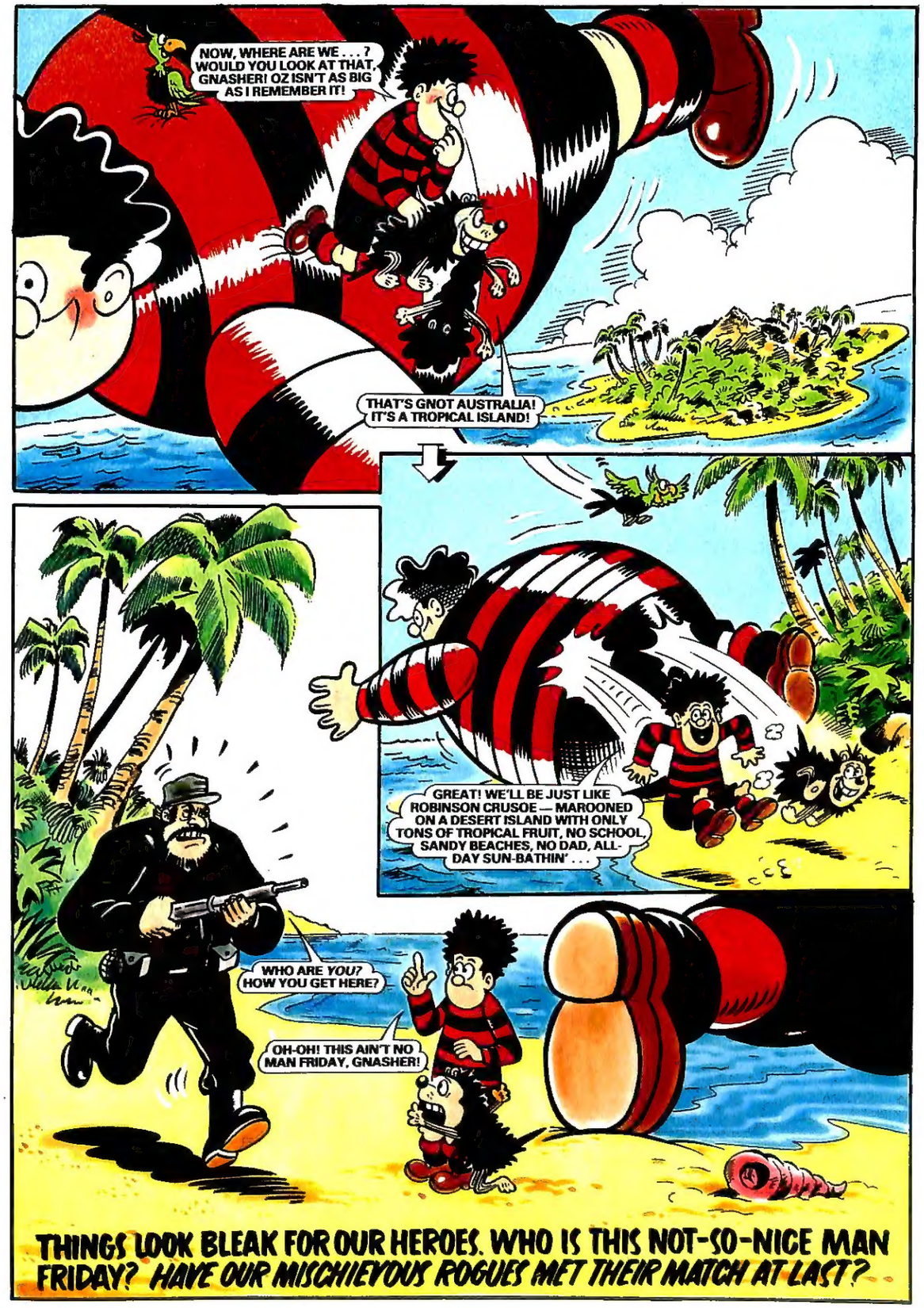
THIS WILL SHAKE THEM! THE OZ FOLK WILL THINK WE'VE COME BACK WHEN THEY SEE OUR TWINS! NOW, OUT THEY GO . . .
WARNING - DECOMPRESSION
THIS DOOR MUST NOT BE OPENED
GNO! DON'T TOUCH THAT . . .

SWOOSH!
*BORN FREE
. . . DOOR!!
NOW YOU TELL ME! HEY, THIS IS *SERIOUS!*

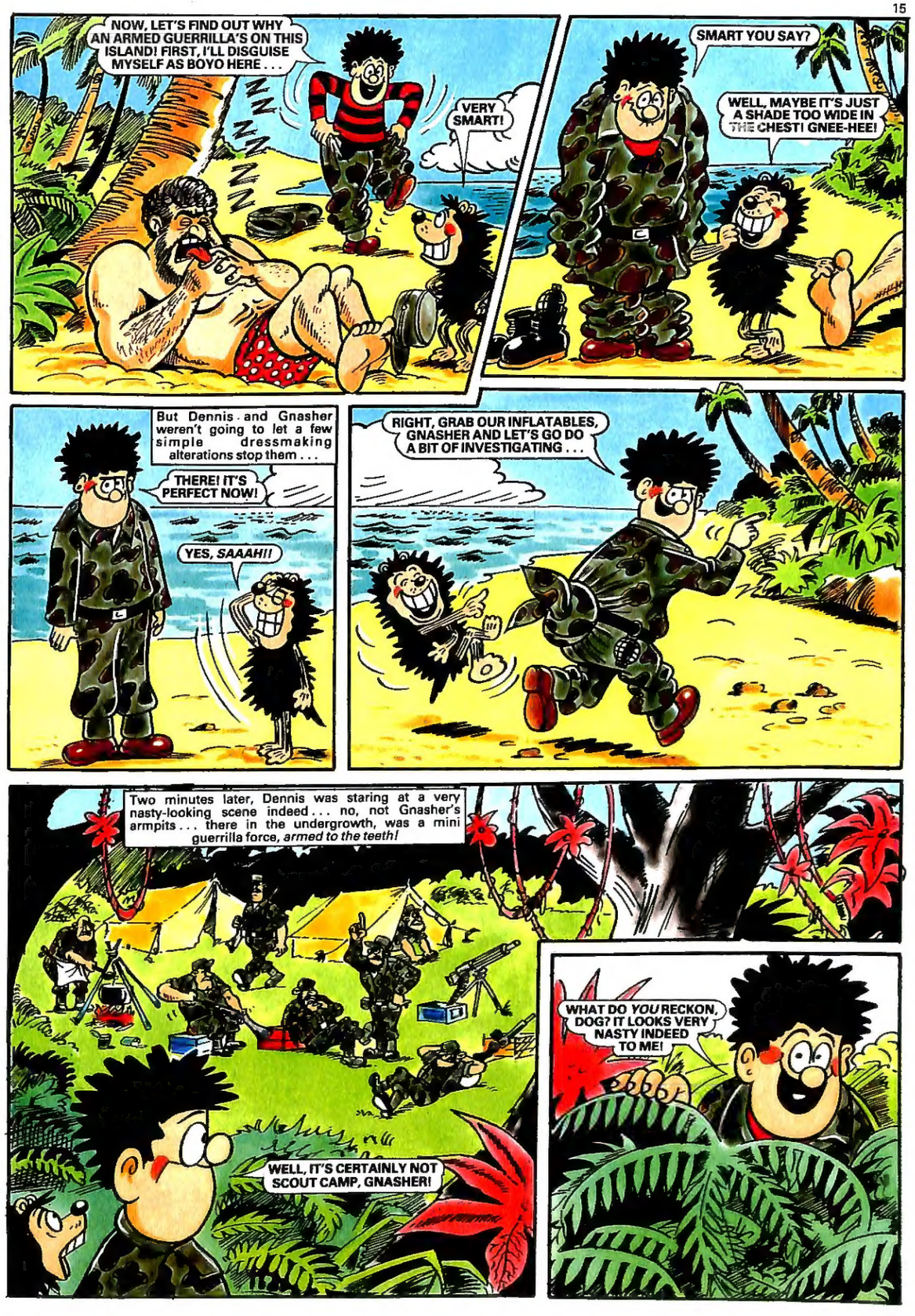
GNOW WHAT DO WE DO, MR SMART?
DON'T RUSH ME! I'M THINKING!

HEY, LOOK AT THIS! IF WE LINK HANDS, WE'RE JUST LIKE THE RED DEVILS!
THIS IS A *BIG* HELP! AND WHAT ARE THOSE OTHER TWO GRINNING AT?

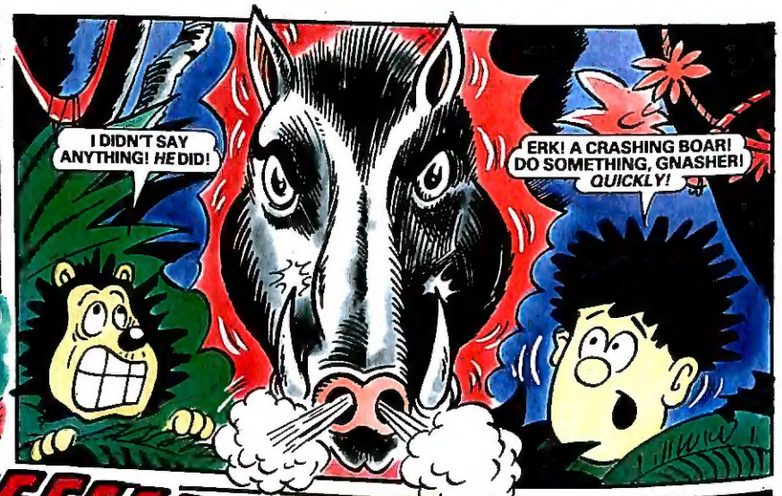

BLOW!
WAIT A MINUTE! MAYBE IF I MAKE MY INFLATABLE EVEN BIGGER . . .
WHAT'S HE DOING *NOW*?
BLOW-BLOW!
GNEEK! DO SOMETHING, DENNIS! AND FAST! *MY* INFLATABLE'S POPPED ITS CORK!
BLOW-BLOW AND MORE BLOW!
ALMOST ENOUGH!
GNEEEEK! DON'T LET ME *DOWN*!
HOW'S THIS, GNASHER? OUR VERY OWN *DENNIS* AIRSHIP! . . . BE CAREFUL WITH MY SHORTS, GNASHER!
GNEEK! I HOPE YOUR BRACES DON'T BURST!
SAVED! JUST WHEN I THOUGHT HIS PLAN WAS A LOAD OF HOT AIR, TOO!
YOU DO? SO DO I! THINK OF MY EMBARRASSMENT IF THEY DO!

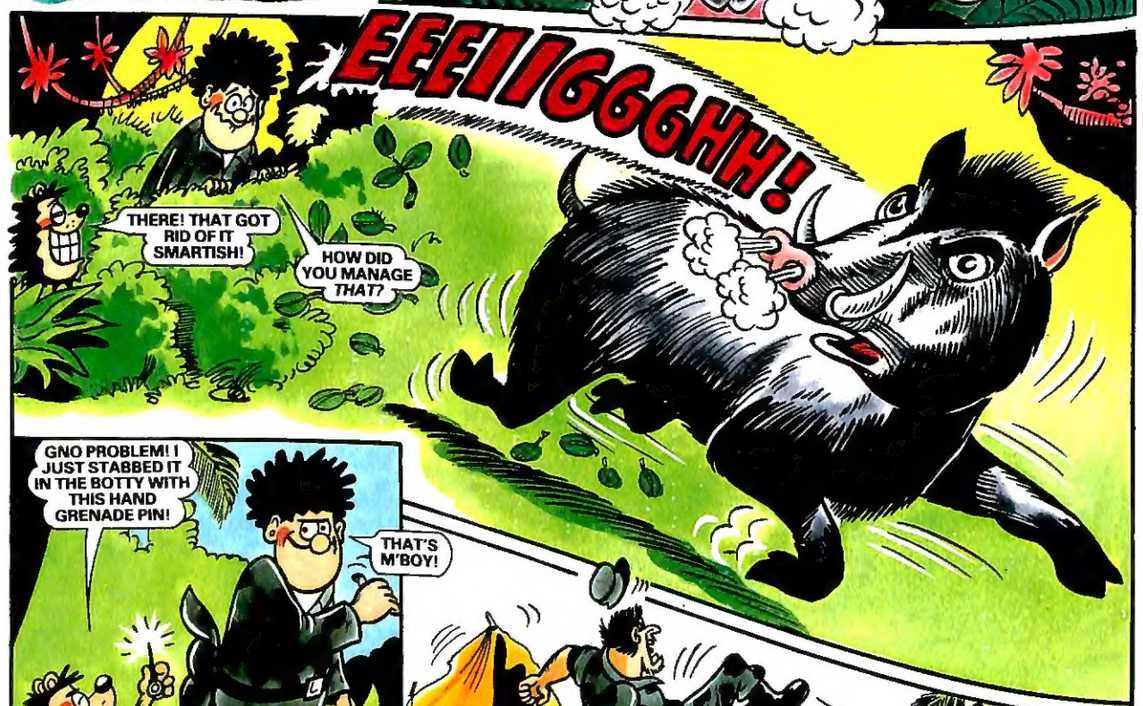

NOW, WHERE ARE WE . . . ? WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT, GNASHER! OZ ISN'T AS BIG AS I REMEMBER IT!
THAT'S GNOT AUSTRALIA! IT'S A TROPICAL ISLAND!
GREAT! WE'LL BE JUST LIKE ROBINSON CRUSOE — MAROONED ON A DESERT ISLAND WITH ONLY TONS OF TROPICAL FRUIT, NO SCHOOL, SANDY BEACHES, NO DAD, ALL-DAY SUN-BATHIN' . . .
WHO ARE *YOU*? HOW YOU GET HERE?
OH-OH! THIS AIN'T NO MAN FRIDAY, GNASHER!
THINGS LOOK BLEAK FOR OUR HEROES. WHO IS THIS NOT-SO-NICE MAN FRIDAY? *HAVE OUR MISCHIEVOUS ROGUES MET THEIR MATCH AT LAST?*

CHAPTER TWO
THE SECRET OF THE JUNGLE
NO FUNNY BUSINESS! YOU COME WITH ME — AND BRING YOUR RAT!
I THINK HE MEANS YOU, GNASHER!
WHAT YOU DO, CURLY BOY?
WAIT A SEC' TILL I DEFLATE MY BIG BROTHER, CHUM!
AAAGH!
GNEE-HEE! AN INSTANT SANDSTORM! THAT'S FIXED HIM!
WHOOOOOSH!
MMMPH!
LET'S HAVE A CLEARER VIEW OF HIS UGLY MUG, GNASHER . . .
BLOW!
. . . SO I DON'T MAKE A MISTAKE AND MISS!
DONG!
SWEET DREAMS, MATEY!


NOW, LET'S FIND OUT WHY AN ARMED GUERRILLA'S ON THIS ISLAND! FIRST, I'LL DISGUISE MYSELF AS BOYO HERE . . .
VERY SMART!
SMART YOU SAY?
WELL, MAYBE IT'S JUST A SHADE TOO WIDE IN THE CHEST! GNEE-HEE!
But Dennis and Gnasher weren't going to let a few simple dressmaking alterations stop them . . .
THERE! IT'S PERFECT NOW!
YES, SAAAH!!
RIGHT, GRAB OUR INFLATABLES, GNASHER AND LET'S GO DO A BIT OF INVESTIGATING . . .
Two minutes later, Dennis was staring at a very nasty-looking scene indeed . . . no, not Gnasher's armpits . . . there in the undergrowth, was a mini guerrilla force, *armed to the teeth!*
WELL, IT'S CERTAINLY NOT SCOUT CAMP, GNASHER!
WHAT DO *YOU* RECKON, DOG? IT LOOKS VERY NASTY INDEED TO ME!

SORRY, WHAT DID YOU SAY, GNASHER?


I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING! *HE* DID!
ERK! A CRASHING BOAR! DO SOMETHING, GNASHER! *QUICKLY!*

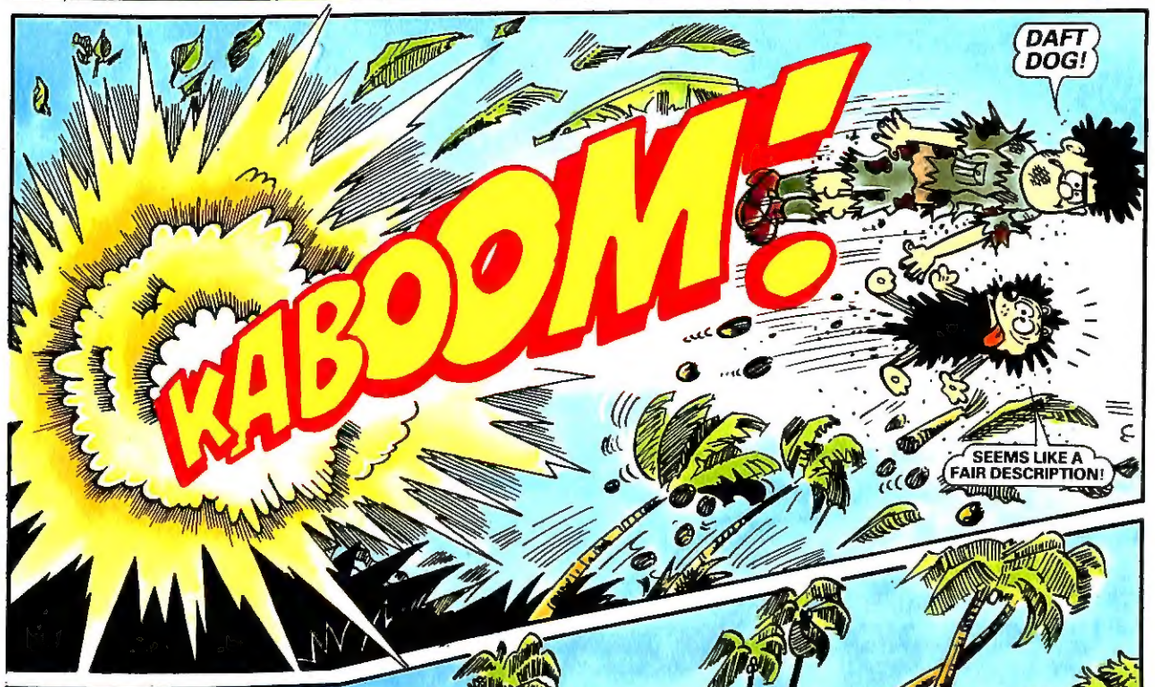

EEEIIGGGHH!
THERE! THAT GOT RID OF IT SMARTISH!
HOW DID YOU MANAGE *THAT?*

GNO PROBLEM! I JUST STABBED IT IN THE BOTTY WITH THIS HAND GRENADE PIN!

THAT'S M'BOY!
AAAGH!
KEEP IT AWAY FROM ME!
Not in the least pleased about its painful stabbing (would YOU be?) the boar set about dismantling the guerrilla force, limb by limb!

HO-HO! WHAT A DOG! HAND GRENADE PIN INDEED!
YEP! HAND GRENADE PIN! SEE?

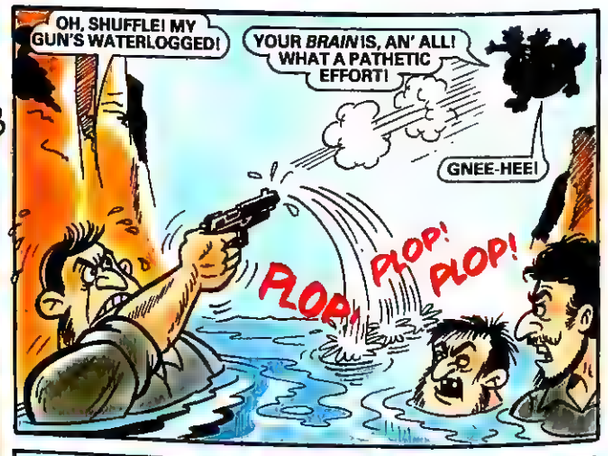
HAND GRENADE PIN? OH, NO!
FIZZZZZ!


KABOOM!
DAFT DOG!
SEEMS LIKE A FAIR DESCRIPTION!

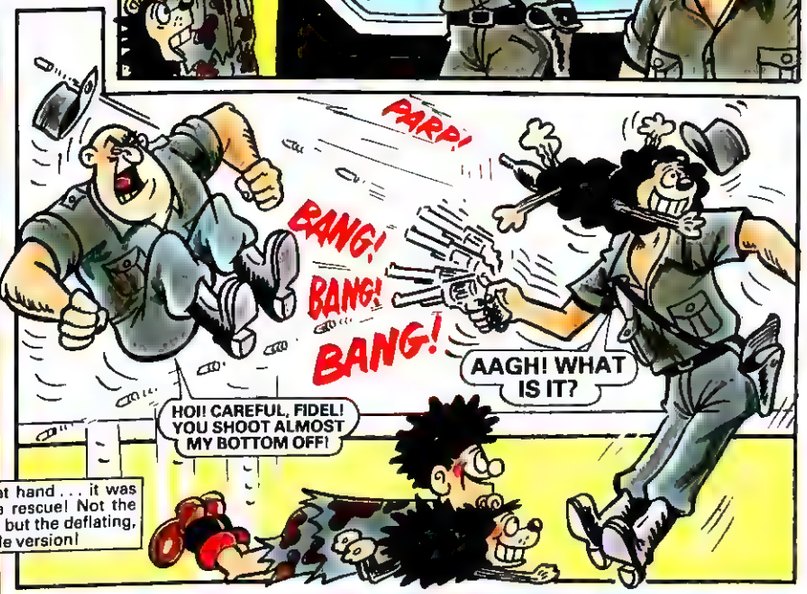
AAAGH! RUN! RUN! IT'S RIGHT BEHIND US!
MAYBE SO! BUT LOOK WHAT'S RIGHT *AHEAD!*

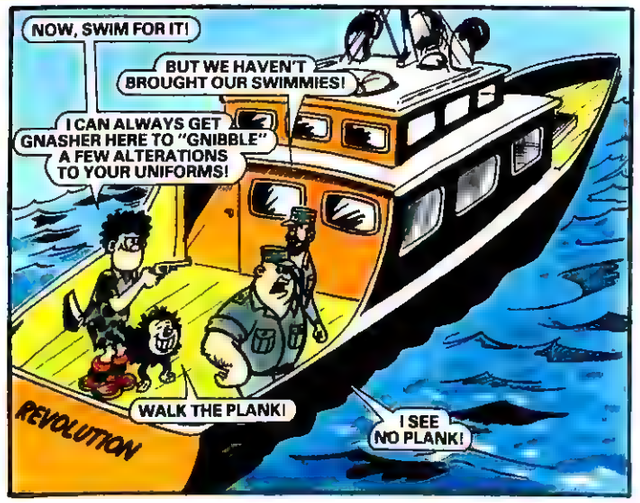
OH, NO! WE'RE TRAPPED! WHAT DO WE DO *NOW*?
ASK A SILLY QUESTION!
JUMP!
AAAAAGH!
SPALUNGE!
SPLOSH!

HEY! YOU DON'T HALF GET A GOOD VIEW OF THE GROUND FROM HERE!
BEFORE WE GET A REAL *CLOSE-UP* VIEW OF THE GROUND, THINK OF SOMETHING *FAST!*
DON'T PANIC! WE'VE STILL GOT OUR INFLATABLES, REMEMBER!
Several frantic seconds later, the inflatable Gnasher was almost blocking out the sun.
WHEESH! AM I GLAD TO SEE MONSTER ME!
PANIC'S OVER, GNASHER!
I COULD GET TO LIKE THIS, DENNIS!
But the "R-Gnasher 101" was drifting into deep water, in more ways than one, oh, one!
GNEEK! WE'RE GOING TO LAND BESIDE CHUMMIES THERE — AND THEY DON'T LOOK PLEASED TO SEE US!
OKAY! HOLD TIGHT, PARDNER!



Coming soon – Coming to the surface, in fact – The CREATURE FROM THE DEEP!



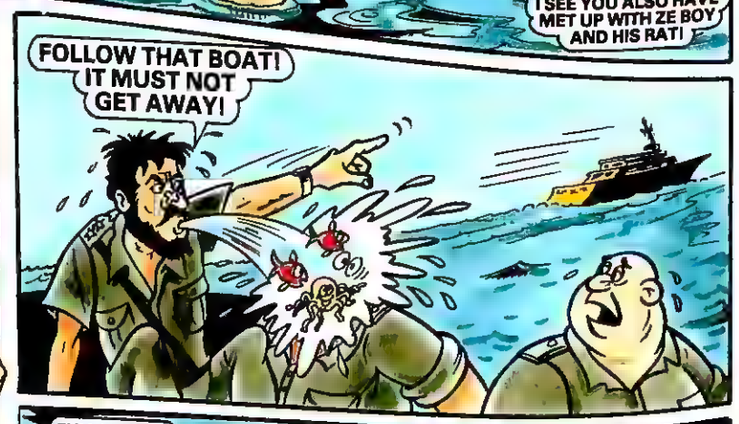


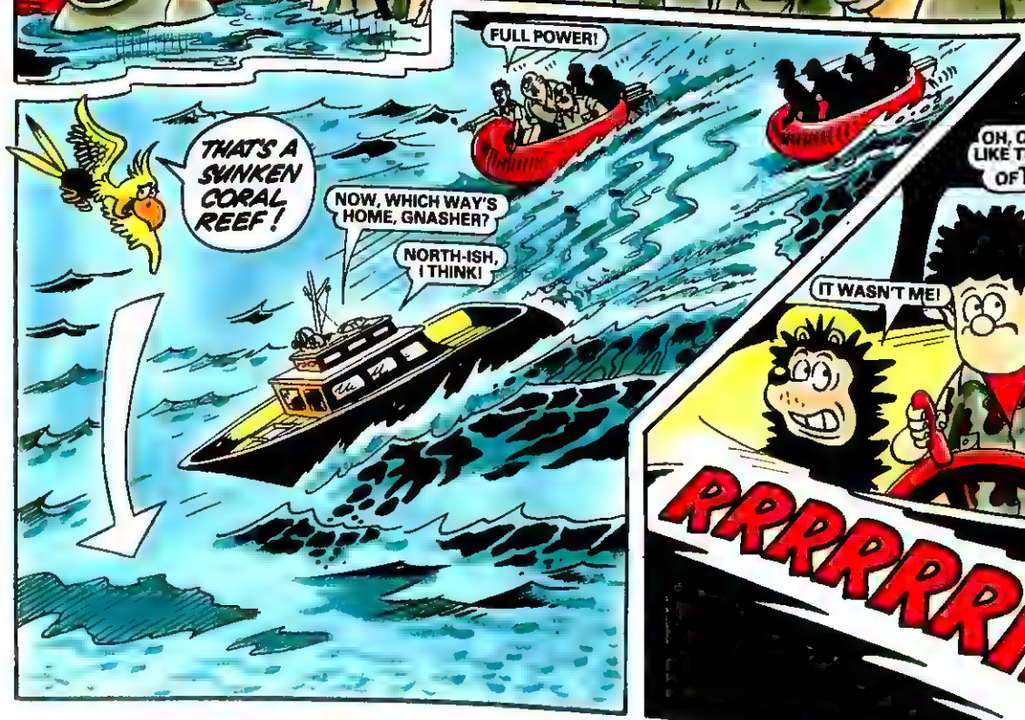
GNASH! GNASH!
I SEE THE PLANK NOW!
THEY'VE GOT THE MESSAGE AT LAST!

NOW, LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE!
BROOOOM!
SPLASH!

ALL IS NOT LOST, FIDEL! THE TROOPS ARE RETURNING FROM PATROL!
I SEE YOU ALSO HAVE MET UP WITH ZE BOY AND HIS RAT!

ER . . . ARE YOU OKAY, MON GENERAL? SPEAK TO ME!


FOLLOW THAT BOAT! IT MUST NOT GET AWAY!


FULL POWER!
THAT'S A SUNKEN CORAL REEF!
NOW, WHICH WAY'S HOME, GNASHER?
NORTH-ISH, I THINK!

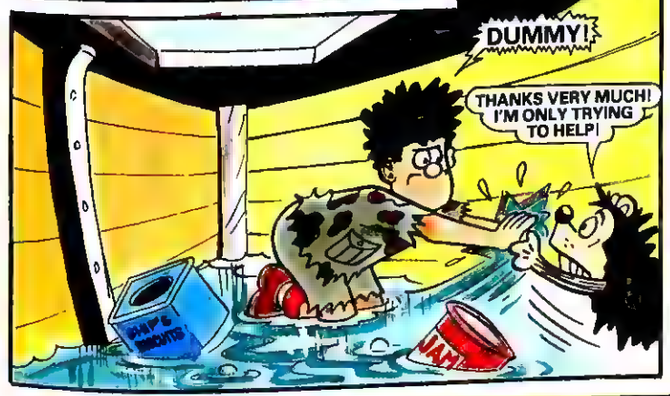
OH, OH! DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT!
IT WASN'T ME!
RRRRRRIP!

HA-HAA! HE HAS COME UNSTUCK! NOW WE HAVE THE LITTLE . . .

RRRRRRIP!
WHAAAT?

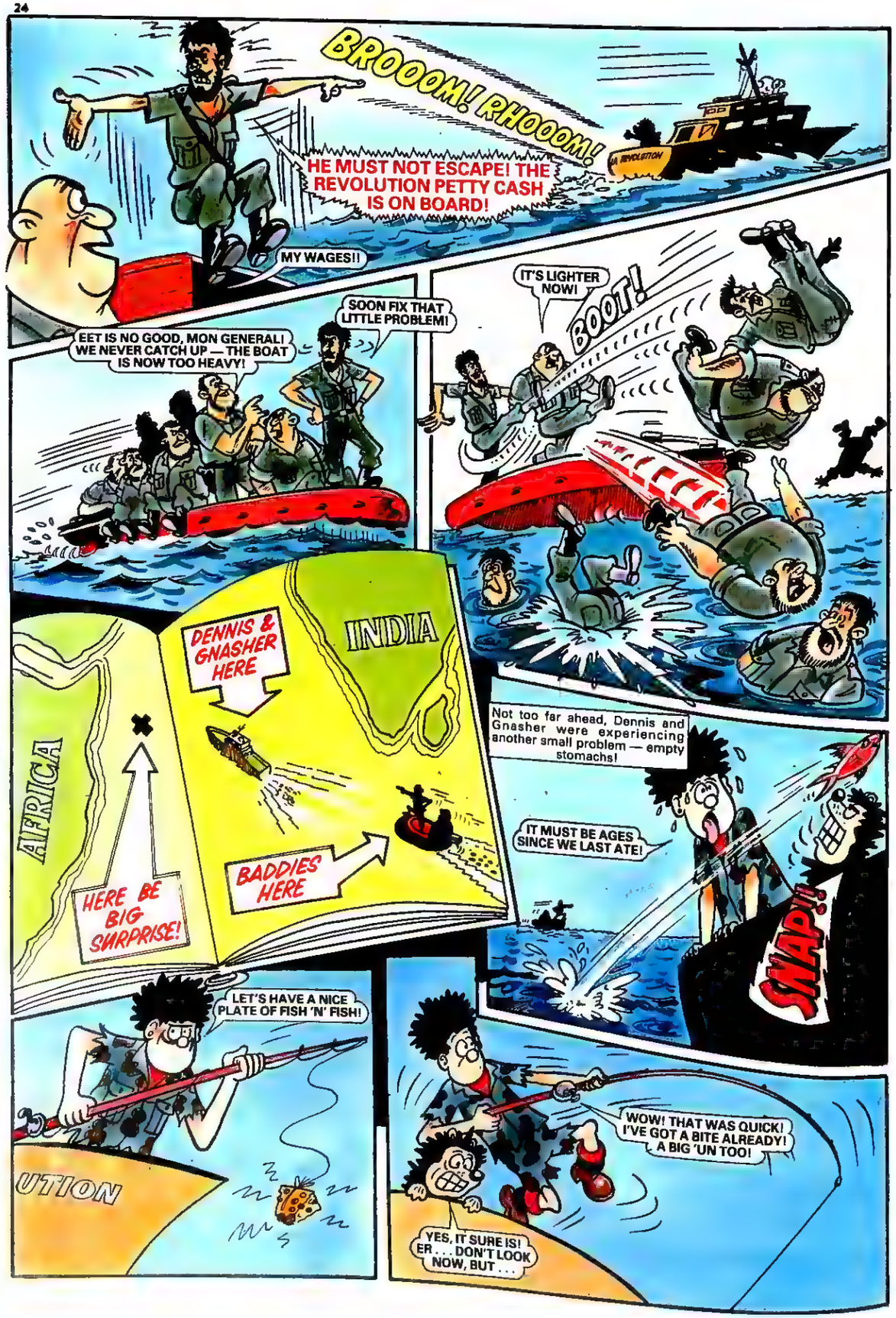
THE REEF'S TORN THE BOTTOM RIGHT OUT!
IT'S TORN MINE TOO! I WAS SITTING IN THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT!!

QUICKLY! ALL ABOARD THIS BOAT!
NOW, WHAT CAN WE DO TO PLUG THIS HOLE?


DUMMY!
THANKS VERY MUCH! I'M ONLY TRYING TO HELP!

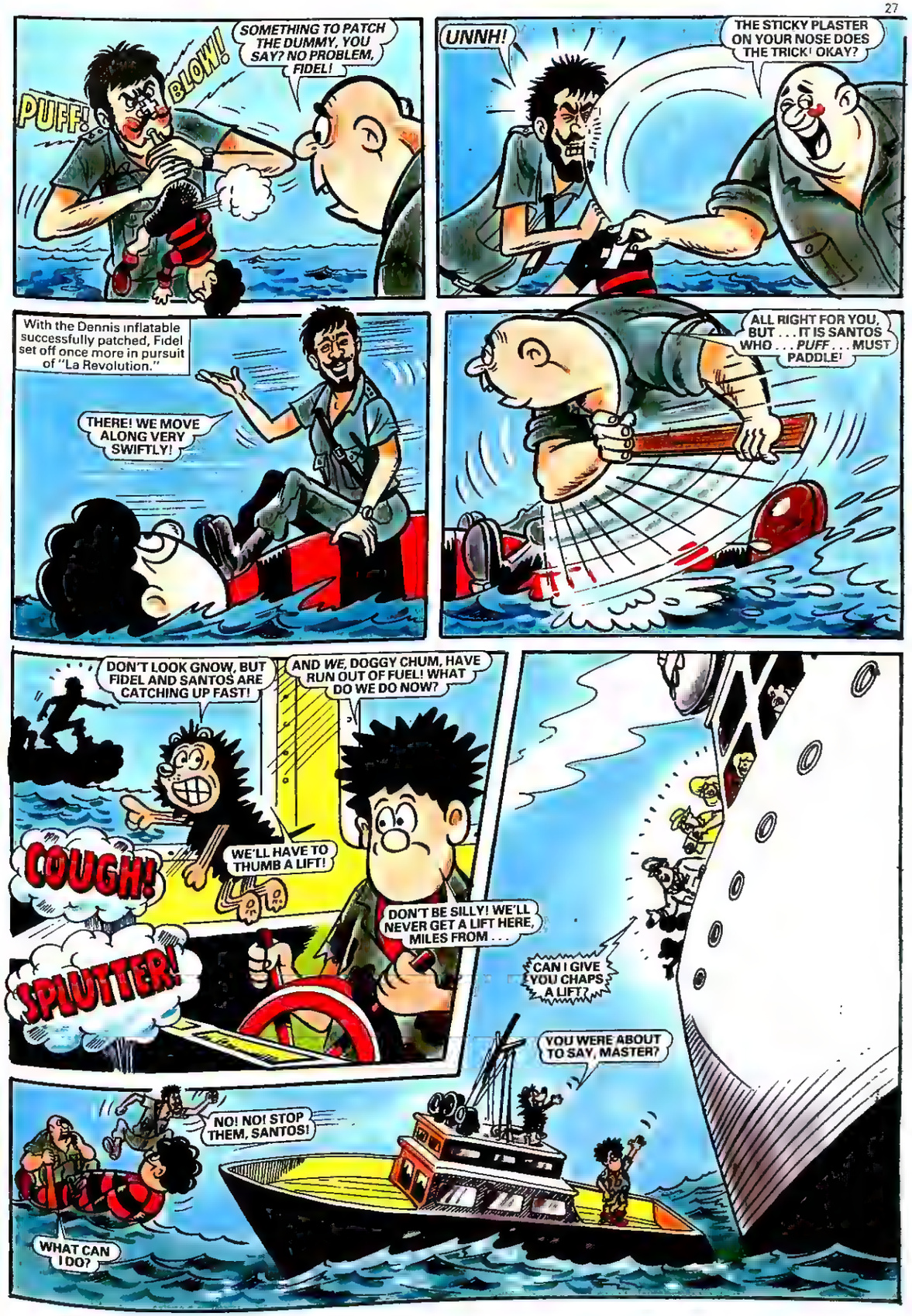
NO, I MEANT ME!
THAT'S OKAY THEN!
MY DUMMY, I MEAN!

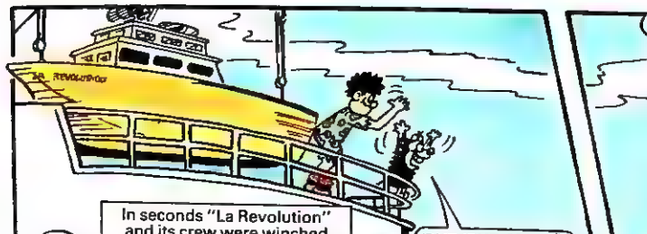
Four thousand and five puffs later —
THERE! I'VE RAMMED ITS HEAD INTO THE HOLE!
GNICE ONE! LET'S GET GOING AGAIN!
SHIP'S RAT
SHIP'S BISCUITS


BROOOM! RHOOOM!
HE MUST NOT ESCAPE! THE REVOLUTION PETTY CASH IS ON BOARD!
MY WAGES!!
EET IS NO GOOD, MON GENERAL! WE NEVER CATCH UP — THE BOAT IS NOW TOO HEAVY!
SOON FIX THAT LITTLE PROBLEM!
IT'S LIGHTER NOW!
BOOT!
DENNIS & GNASHER HERE
INDIA
AFRICA
HERE BE BIG SURPRISE!
BADDIES HERE
Not too far ahead, Dennis and Gnasher were experiencing another small problem — empty stomachs!
IT MUST BE AGES SINCE WE LAST ATE!
SNAP!!
LET'S HAVE A NICE PLATE OF FISH 'N' FISH!
UTION
WOW! THAT WAS QUICK! I'VE GOT A BITE ALREADY! A BIG 'UN TOO!
YES, IT SURE IS! ER . . . DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT . . .

. . . I GET THE FEELING OUR SNACK WANTS TO BITE US!
CLANGGGG!
GET LOST, FISHY!
IT SOUNDS A BIT TOUGH! BEST THROW IT BACK!
LA REVOLUTION
BEFORE IT WAKES UP!
Beneath the surface, the dazed shark caught sight of a hideous apparition . . . the face of the Dennis inflatable.
OH-OH! BANG GOES OUR REPAIR, I THINK!
WHAT NOW?
BANG
SWOOSH!
Hasty repairs with the blow-up Gnasher solved one problem . . .
IT'S FIDEL AND SANTOS! THEY'RE ALMOST HERE!
THEY ARE IN TROUBLE! GIVE IT FULL THROTTLE!
Santos gunned the engine, the light craft leapt foward — full speed ahead into trouble!

BRAKE! BRAKE!
WOOF!
KERRRASH!
With a deafening bang, the inflatable boat bust — and so did Fidel's braces! But like a true gentleman, he managed a modest repair before he surfaced.
IT'S SNUFFED IT! IT LOOKS LIKE MY GOLDFISH DID WHEN AUNTIE MABEL GAVE IT CURRY!
IT'S . . . IT'S . . . DEAD? THAT'S LUCKY!
MAYBE NOT SO LUCKY! NOW IT SINKS!
HERE'S ONE OF THOSE CURSED INFLATABLES! NOW, WHAT CAN WE REPAIR IT WITH?
Help was right in front of his nose!

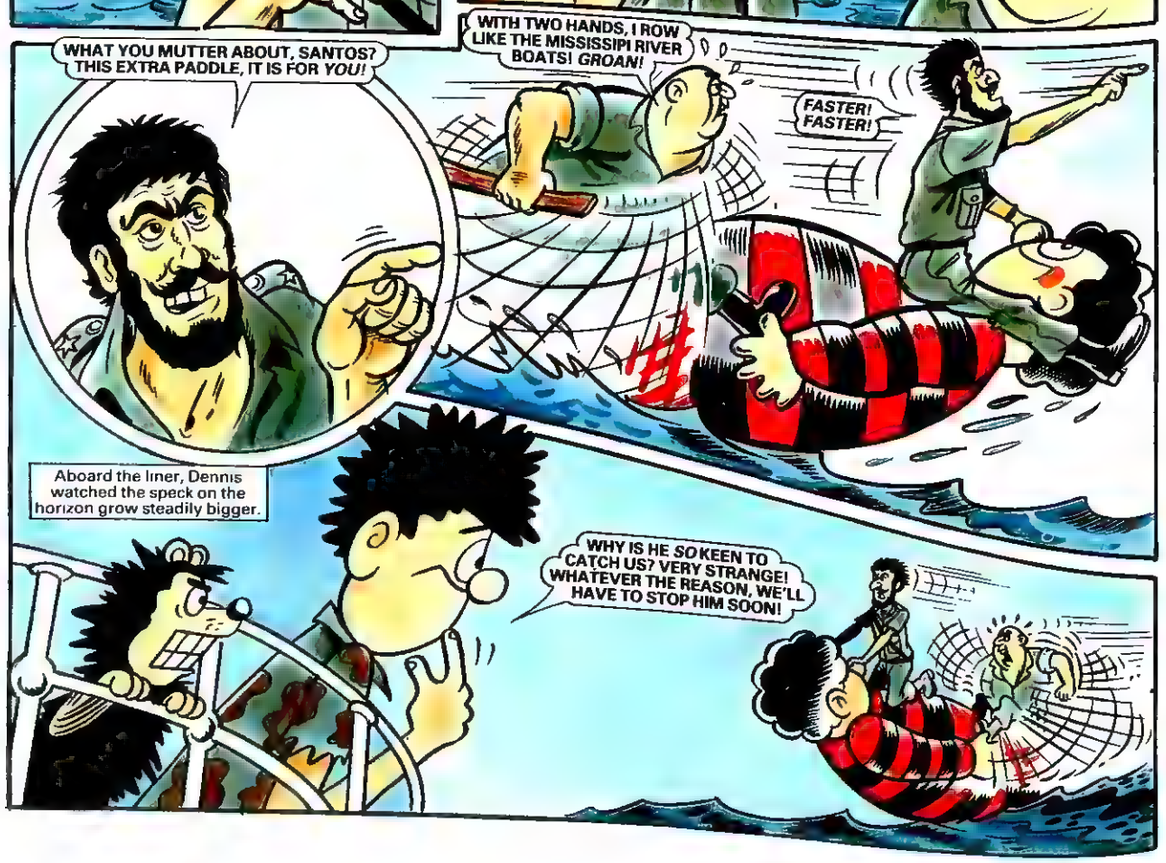

PUFF!
BLOW!
SOMETHING TO PATCH THE DUMMY, YOU SAY? NO PROBLEM, FIDEL!
UNNH!
THE STICKY PLASTER ON YOUR NOSE DOES THE TRICK! OKAY?
With the Dennis inflatable successfully patched, Fidel set off once more in pursuit of "La Revolution."
THERE! WE MOVE ALONG VERY SWIFTLY!
ALL RIGHT FOR YOU, BUT . . . IT IS SANTOS WHO . . . PUFF . . . MUST PADDLE!
DON'T LOOK GNOW, BUT FIDEL AND SANTOS ARE CATCHING UP FAST!
AND WE, DOGGY CHUM, HAVE RUN OUT OF FUEL! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
COUGH!
WE'LL HAVE TO THUMB A LIFT!
SPLUTTER!
DON'T BE SILLY! WE'LL NEVER GET A LIFT HERE, MILES FROM . . .
CAN I GIVE YOU CHAPS A LIFT?
YOU WERE ABOUT TO SAY, MASTER?
NO! NO! STOP THEM, SANTOS!
WHAT CAN I DO?


In seconds "La Revolution" and its crew were winched aboard the liner. It seemed like time to wave goodbye to Fidel Casserole and Santos for good.
'BYE-'BYE, MUGS! BEEN NICE MEETING YOU!

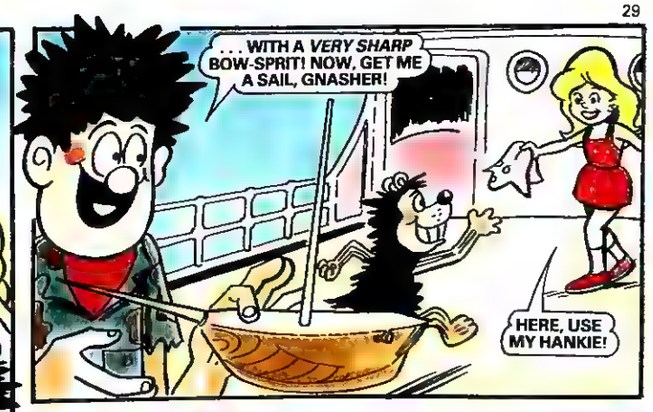
WELL, THERE'S . . . *PHEW!* . . . NO CHANCE OF ME KEEPING UP WITH A LINER! WHAT NOW?

NO, WE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO MATCH HER SPEED WITH *ONE* OAR, I'LL ADMIT . . .

. . . BUT WITH THE *TWO* OARS, WE MIGHT JUST KEEP THEM IN SIGHT!
AH, ABOUT GOOD TIME, TOO! I COULD DO WITH SOME ASSISTANCE!


WHAT YOU MUTTER ABOUT, SANTOS? THIS EXTRA PADDLE, IT IS FOR *YOU!*
WITH TWO HANDS, I ROW LIKE THE MISSISSIPI RIVER BOATS! *GROAN!*
FASTER! FASTER!
Aboard the liner, Dennis watched the speck on the horizon grow steadily bigger.
WHY IS HE *SO* KEEN TO CATCH US? VERY STRANGE! WHATEVER THE REASON, WE'LL HAVE TO STOP HIM SOON!

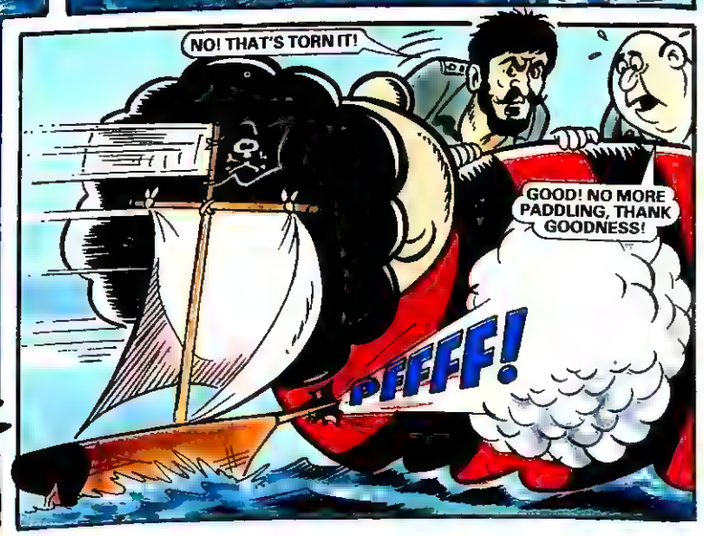
LET'S MAKE A LITTLE BOAT . . .
WHITTLE WHITTLE
HE'S GONE LOOPY!

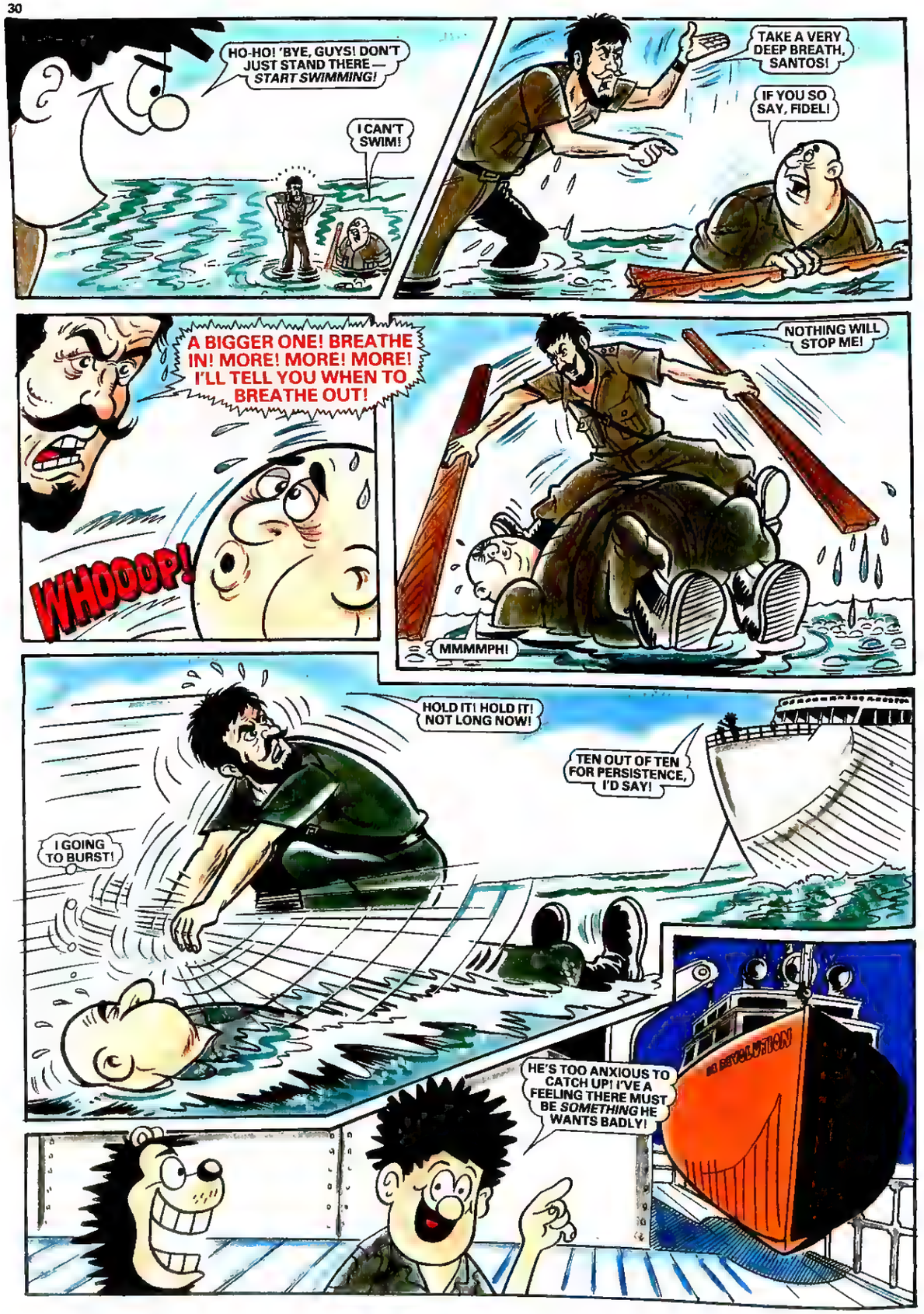

. . . WITH A *VERY SHARP* BOW-SPRIT! NOW, GET ME A SAIL, GNASHER!
HERE, USE MY HANKIE!

I NAME THIS SHIP, "CUTTY SHARP"!
IT IS TOO!

NOW FOR HER MAIDEN VOYAGE!
I DON'T GET THE POINT OF THIS!
YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO! SOMEONE ELSE WILL!
PLOP!

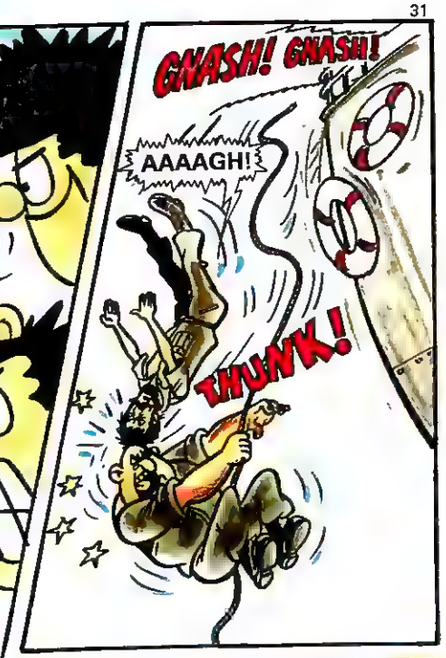
BON VOYAGE!


NO! THAT'S TORN IT!
GOOD! NO MORE PADDLING, THANK GOODNESS!
PFFFF!

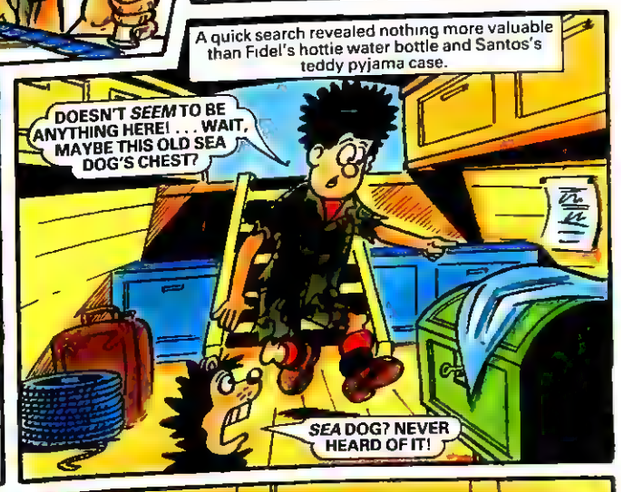

HO-HO! 'BYE, GUYS! DON'T JUST STAND THERE — START SWIMMING!
I CAN'T SWIM!
TAKE A VERY DEEP BREATH, SANTOS!
IF YOU SO SAY, FIDEL!
A BIGGER ONE! BREATHE IN! MORE! MORE! MORE! I'LL TELL YOU WHEN TO BREATHE OUT!
WHOOOP!
NOTHING WILL STOP ME!
MMMMPH!
HOLD IT! HOLD IT! NOT LONG NOW!
TEN OUT OF TEN FOR PERSISTENCE, I'D SAY!
I GOING TO BURST!
HE'S TOO ANXIOUS TO CATCH UP! I'VE A FEELING THERE MUST BE SOMETHING HE WANTS BADLY!

MADE IT!
LEAP!

But at the top of the lung-bustin' rope climb, yet another let-down awaited Fidel . . .
OH, NO! NO! YOU . . . YOU WOULDN'T!! YOU COULDN'T!!
OH, BUT WE CAN . . . AND WE WILL! GNASH IT, DOGGIE PAL!


GNASH! GNASH!
AAAAGH!
THUNK!

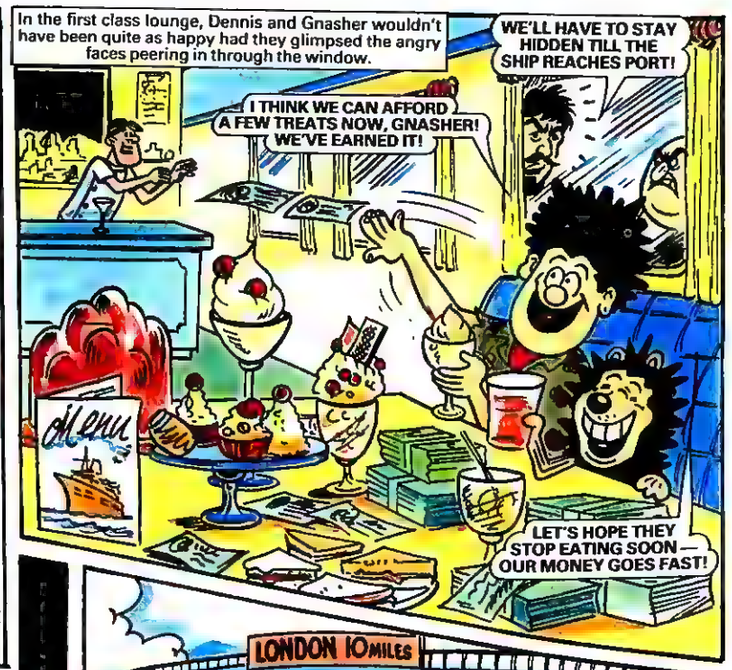
NOW WE'VE FINALLY GOT RID OF THEM, LET'S HAVE A GOOD LOOK ROUND THIS BOAT!

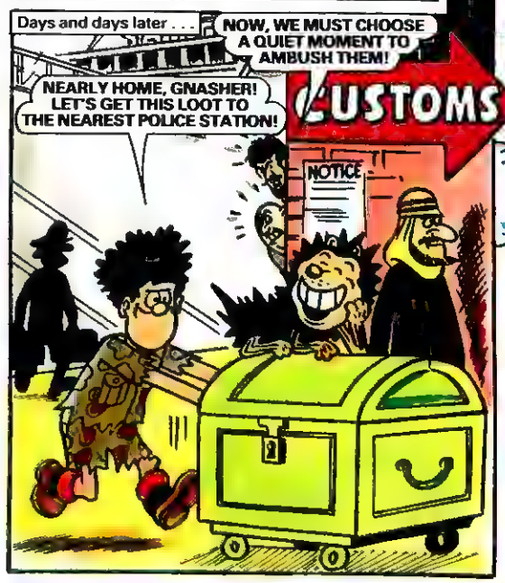

A quick search revealed nothing more valuable than Fidel's hottie water bottle and Santos's teddy pyjama case.
DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYTHING HERE! . . . WAIT, MAYBE THIS OLD SEA DOG'S CHEST?
SEA DOG? NEVER HEARD OF IT!

WELL, WELL! LOOK AT THIS! AND DON'T TELL ME HIS OLD AUNTIE LEFT IT TO HIM IN HER WILL!
LOVELY LOLLY!

AND NOW, LET'S TREAT OURSELVES TO THE ODD SNACK OR TWO AT THE BAR!
AFTER YOU, DENNIS! THOSE TWO SUCKERS SHOULD BE MILES AWAY BY NOW!
BUT THE "SUCKERS" WERE A LOT CLOSER THAN OUR PALS EVER IMAGINED!

"THE FINAL CHAPTER"
KEEP SUCKING, SANTOS! I HAVE ALMOST MADE IT!
SUCK!
HURRY! HURRY!
Santos was as close to the ship as he possibly could be, with his fat lips stuck to the stern like a limpet.


In the first class lounge, Dennis and Gnasher wouldn't have been quite as happy had they glimpsed the angry faces peering in through the window.
I THINK WE CAN AFFORD A FEW TREATS NOW, GNASHER! WE'VE EARNED IT!
WE'LL HAVE TO STAY HIDDEN TILL THE SHIP REACHES PORT!
menu
LET'S HOPE THEY STOP EATING SOON — OUR MONEY GOES FAST!

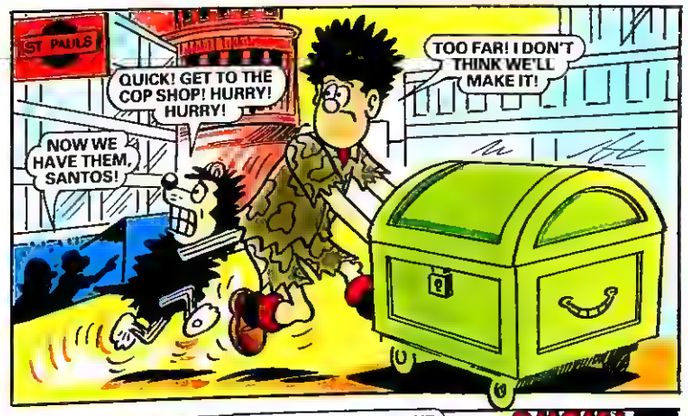

Days and days later . . .
NOW, WE MUST CHOOSE A QUIET MOMENT TO AMBUSH THEM!
NEARLY HOME, GNASHER! LET'S GET THIS LOOT TO THE NEAREST POLICE STATION!
NOTICE

CUSTOMS
LONDON 10 MILES

VICTORIA
HE'S GOING ON THE UNDERGROUND! WE CAN'T GO WANDERING AROUND LONDON LIKE THIS! WE NEED DISGUISES!

PSSST! EVEN YOUR OWN GRANNY WOULD NOT RECOGNISE YOU, MON GENERAL!
SORRY! DID YOU SAY SOMETHING, MADAM?
TIMES

Suddenly, Dennis caught sight of a red nose in a carriage mirror and warning bells began to ring . . .
OH-OH! NO PRIZES FOR GUESSING WHO THEY ARE, GNASHER!


ST PAULS
QUICK! GET TO THE COP SHOP! HURRY! HURRY!
TOO FAR! I DON'T THINK WE'LL MAKE IT!
NOW WE HAVE THEM, SANTOS!

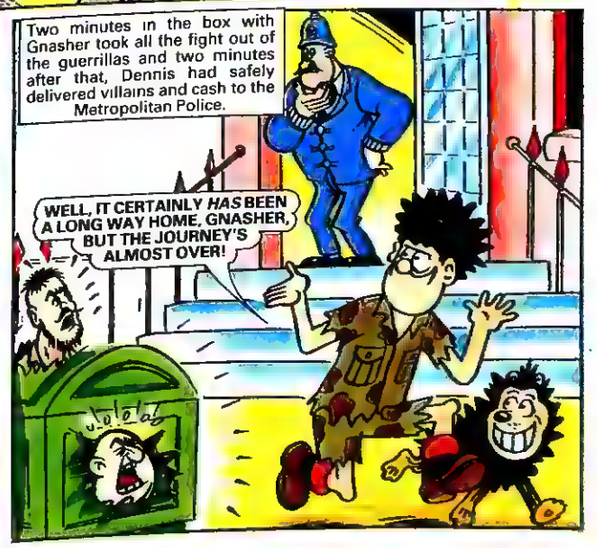
THEY WENT DOWN THIS ALLEY! WHERE HAVE . . .?

HA-HA! OUR MONEY! THE BRAT HAS GIVEN UP THE HOPELESS CAUSE AT LAST!
PUSH!

But Dennis hadn't given up — far from it! And when Fidel opened the box, a nasty surprise awaited him, a nasty surprise with lots and lots of TEETH!
OH, NO!

GO GET 'EM, GNASHER!

DON'T BE SHY, GUYS! GET INSIDE AND SAY HELLO!


Two minutes in the box with Gnasher took all the fight out of the guerrillas and two minutes after that, Dennis had safely delivered villains and cash to the Metropolitan Police.
WELL, IT CERTAINLY HAS BEEN A LONG WAY HOME, GNASHER, BUT THE JOURNEY'S ALMOST OVER!

However, Dads being what they are, there was no heroes' welcome at home for Dennis and pal, Gnasher.

WHERE HAVE *YOU* BEEN? WHAT TIME IS THIS TO COME HOME? YOUR MOTHER AND I HAVE BEEN WORRIED SICK!

WH . . . WHERE HAVE WE *BEEN*? IT'LL TAKE TOO LONG TO EXPLAIN! YOU CAN CATCH ALL THE NEWS WITH THIS 'PAPER!

I KNOW WHAT *I'LL* CATCH WITH THE 'PAPER! GET UP TO BED WITH YOU — *NOW!*

And for once, Dennis was too tired to argue!

HEY, IT *IS* QUITE A STORY, TOO! I THINK WE'LL JUST HAVE OUR FAMILY HOLIDAY IN WIGAN NEXT YEAR! THEY CAN'T GET UP TO ANYTHING LIKE THIS IN WIGAN . . . *OR CAN THEY?*

THE TIMES

BEANO HEROES NAB INTERNATIONAL VILLAINS!

THE END

SEND FOR KELLY

The case of the SINGING BANK ROBBER

FAMOUS investigator, Nick Kelly, and his assistant, Cedric, hadn't had a crime to investigate for weeks. However, the super sleuths weren't just sitting idly twiddling their forefingers. Oh, no, they'd thought up lots of things to keep their minds razor sharp . . .

OKAY, CEDRIC, *THIS* TIME TRY TO MAKE THE PAPER AEROPLANE FLY *PROPERLY!*

RIGHT-HO! I'VE ADJUSTED THE PAPER-CLIP WEIGHT IN THE NOSE, MR KELLY!

THE 'PLANE IS ENTERING YOUR AIRSPACE . . . *NOW,* MR KELLY!

WHERE *IS* THE DARNED THING?

YOU'RE A BIT SHORT OF PUFF, SIR.

AHA! NOW I SEE IT . . .

BULLSEYE!! DOWN IT GOES!

WHEE-EE!

DOWN, DOWN, DOWN

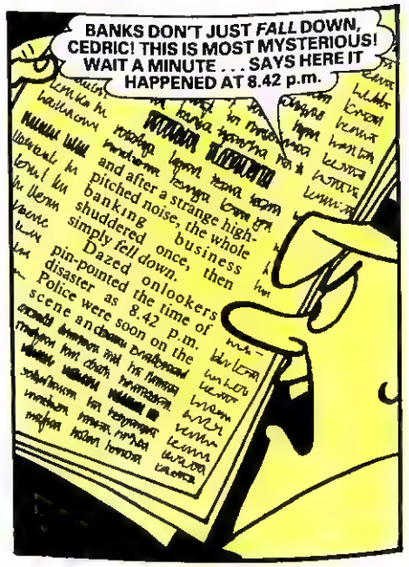
RATTLE!
GROAN!
CRASH!
BUMBLE!
And at precisely 20.42, Greenwich Mean Time Cedric's plane bit the dust . . . with a DEAFENING crash!!

BLOOMIN' ARCHIE, CEDRIC! WHAT KIND OF WEIGHT DID YOU PUT IN THE PLANE'S NOSE?
J . . . JUST A PAPER CLIP, SIR, THAT'S ALL! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

PAPER-CLIP INDEED! NO PAPER-CLIP I KNOW IS AS HEAVY AS *THAT!* COME ON! TIME TO GO HOME!

Next morning . . .
AH, HERE'S THE MORNING PAPER. NOW WE CAN MAKE SOME DECENT-SIZED PAPER AEROPLANES.
WELL, LET'S *READ* IT QUICKLY FIRST, MR KELLY.

I SAY, MR KELLY! LOOK AT THAT HEADLINE!
SLEUTH'S TRUTH! THAT BANK IS JUST DOWN THE STREET FROM OUR OFFICE!
DAILY DISTRESS
COLLAPSE OF BANK


BANKS DON'T JUST *FALL* DOWN, CEDRIC! THIS IS MOST MYSTERIOUS! WAIT A MINUTE . . . SAYS HERE IT HAPPENED AT 8.42 p.m.
and after a strange high-pitched noise, the whole banking business shuddered once, then simply *fell* down. Dazed onlookers pin-pointed the time of disaster as 8.42 p.m. Police were soon on the scene and

WE'RE ON TO SOMETHING HERE, MR KELLY! LOOK — OUR CLOCK STOPPED AT 8.42, WHEN OUR OFFICE HAD THAT "EARTHQUAKE"!
CEDRIC, YOU'RE ALMOST AS OBSERVANT AS I AM! GOOD THINKING! MAYBE IT *WASN'T* YOUR PAPER-CLIP THAT SHOOK THE OFFICE AFTER ALL!

Never two to waste time, (except on paper aeroplanes, that is!) Kelly and Cedric raced to the scene of the disaster.
GOODNESS! THE BANK'S AS FLAT AS A PANCAKE!
NOT LIKE ANY PANCAKE I HAVE EVER SEEN!
BANK

Looking VERY blankly at the remains of his branch office was Mr Johnson, the bank manager.
ASK ABOUT YOUR NEW CAR LOAN, MR KELLY!
NOT NOW, CEDRIC!
MR JOHNSON, TELL ME IN YOUR OWN WORDS *EXACTLY* WHAT HAPPENED HERE!

MR JOHNSON, TELL ME IN YOUR OWN WORDS *EXACTLY* WHAT HAPPENED HERE!

I SAID . . . TELL ME IN YOUR OWN WORDS . . .
IT'S NO USE, MATE! THEY'RE ALL AS DEAF AS POSTS!

OH, WHY'S THAT?
OH, DEAR! I *AM* SORRY! DIDN'T MEAN TO SHOUT!

APPARENTLY, THERE WAS A VERY HIGH-PITCHED SOUND JUST BEFORE THE BANK FELL! SEEMS IT DEAFENED ALL OF 'EM!
REALLY, OFFICER? THIS REQUIRES LOOKING IN TO!
DON'T YOU MEAN *LISTENING* TO?

BEFORE WE GO, LET'S HAVE A SCOUT AROUND FOR A FEW CLUES!
GOOD IDEA! . . ISN'T THAT WHAT DETECTIVES ARE SUPPOSED TO DO ANYWAY?
Kelly ignored the remark, pretending he too was deaf

CEDRIC! LOOK AT THIS!
A CLUE? GOOD FOR YOU!

PAH! CALL THAT A CLUE? IT'S ONLY THE CALLING CARD OF SOME SECOND-RATE SINGER!
CALL IT WHAT YOU LIKE! IT'S THE ONLY CLUE WE HAVE. WE'LL CALL ON HIM!
JASTWAN CORNETTO
NOVELTY SINGER PERSON
FOR BOOKINGS - CONTACT RIALTO THEATRE

The address on Mr Cornetto's card led Kelly and Cedric into a seedier part of town.

LOTS OF REPAIR WORK GOING ON HERE!

DRRRR-RRRRR-RRRRR!

'STRUTH! WHAT A DIN, HMM, MR KELLY!

WHAT? SORRY! CAN'T HEAR YOU FOR ALL THIS DIN!

TRY THESE EAR PLUGS, SIR! SOUND-FILTER TIPPED!

THAT'S MUCH BETTER!

HERE WE ARE, CEDRIC! LET'S HEAR WHAT THIS MAN'S GOT TO SAY FOR HIMSELF!

RIALTO THEATRE

JASTWAN CORNETTO

HEAR HIS AMAZING VOICE!! SEE HIM SHATTER A GLASS WITH HIS HIGH NOTES!

I'M LOOKING FOR JASTWAN CORNETTO!

TRY AN ICE CREAM SHOP! HA-HA! OH, I AM A WAG! BUT IF IT'S THE SINGIN' FELLER YOU WANT, HE'S ON STAGE NOW!

WHAT A RUDE CHAP! HE DIDN'T EVEN ANSWER MY QUESTION!

WHY ARE YOU WIGGLING YOUR LIPS WITHOUT SAYING A WORD, SIR?

WAI-AI-AIL!

On stage, Jastwan Cornetto was trying out his tonsils. His warblings were as loud as an aero engine in a tin shed . . . not that you hear THAT too often!

THERE'S THE FELLAH! CHAP DOESN'T HAVE A VERY STRONG VOICE! I CAN BARELY HEAR HIM IN THE BACK STALLS!

YOU'RE MOVING YOUR LIPS WITHOUT SPEAKING AGAIN! IS THIS A GAME, MR KELLY?

WAI-E-EE♪♪

As they moved closer to the stage, Kelly and Cedric were too busy glaring at one another to see Jastwan shatter a couple of glasses with his high C!

WHY ARE YOU WAGGLING YOUR LIPS WITHOUT SAYING A WORD?

WHY ARE YOU WAGGLING YOUR LIPS WITHOUT SAYING A WORD?

Backstage at "rehearsals", shifty eyes watched the detectives.

WAI-EE-EE!

THERE, YOU'RE DOING IT AGAIN!

THERE, YOU'RE DOING IT AGAIN!

NICK KELLY, HUH? HE MUST BE ON TO US! WELL, HE'LL REGRET WALKING INTO THE LION'S DEN!

A SIMPLE ADJUSTMENT TO THE LOUDSPEAKER'S ANGLE . . .

WHAT'S THIS? A SPECIAL SHOW JUST FOR US?

. . . AND FULL VOLUME ON THE OUTPUT! JASTWAN, LET IT RRRIP FOR OUR *AUDIENCE!*

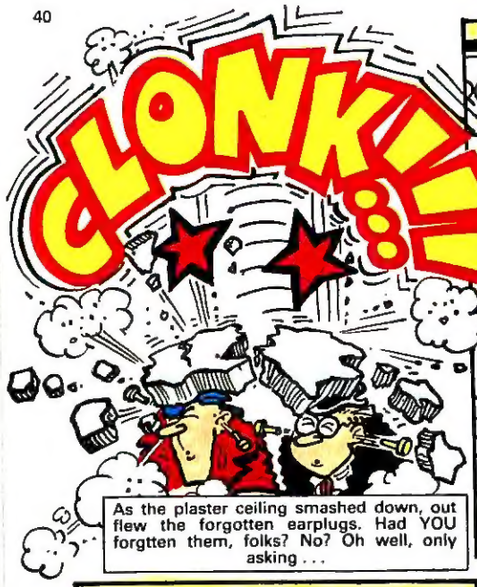
♪ANYTHING YOU SAY! ♪

WAI-AI-EE-EE-EE!

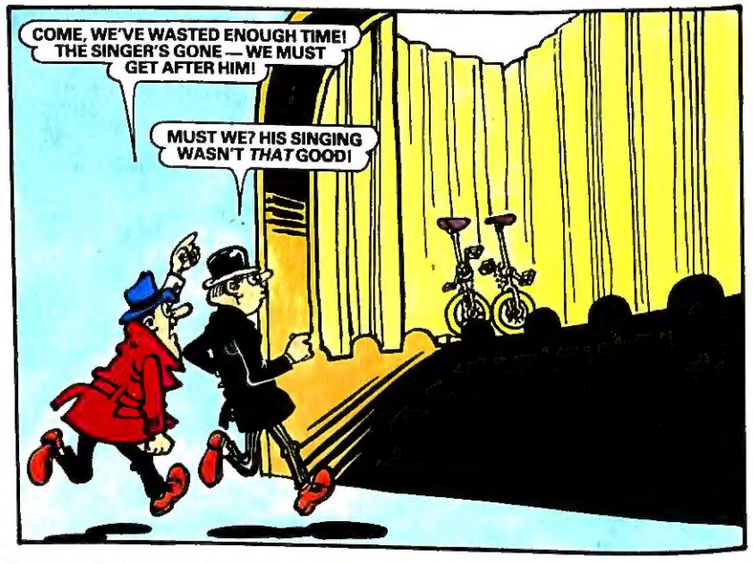
AH, I CAN JUST ABOUT HEAR HIM NOW . . . BUT I CAN'T MAKE OUT THE SONG!

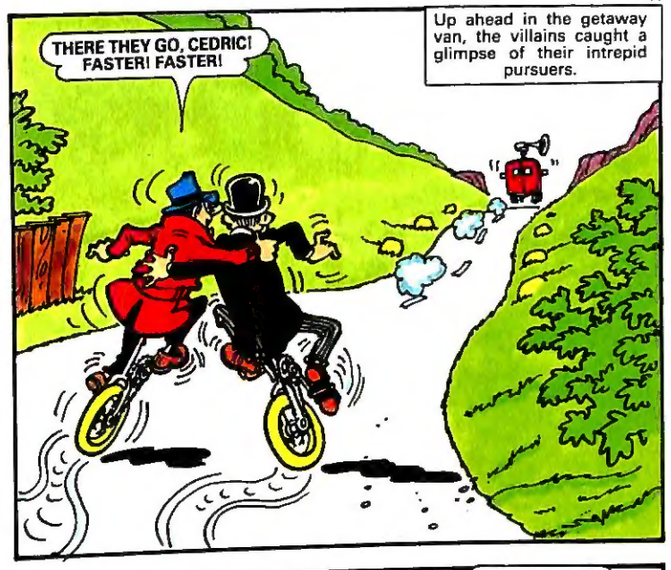
MR KELLY! A PIECE OF CEILING IS FALLING TOWARDS US!

CEDRIC, ENOUGH OF THIS SILENT LIP-WIGGLE NONSENSE! STOP IT NOW!

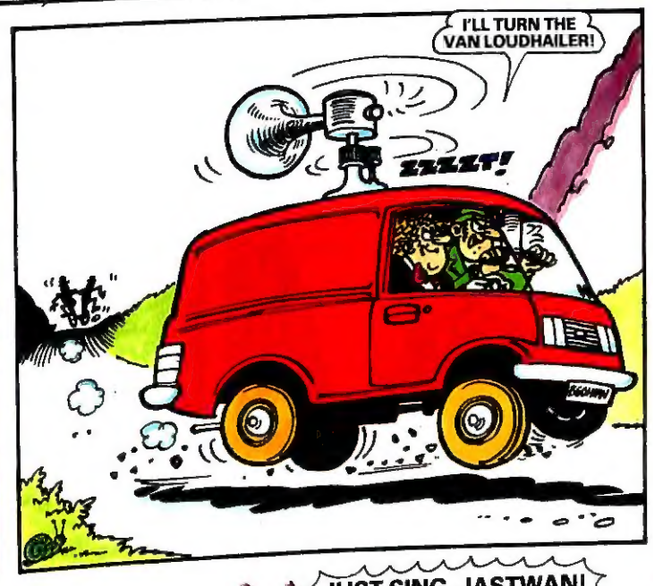


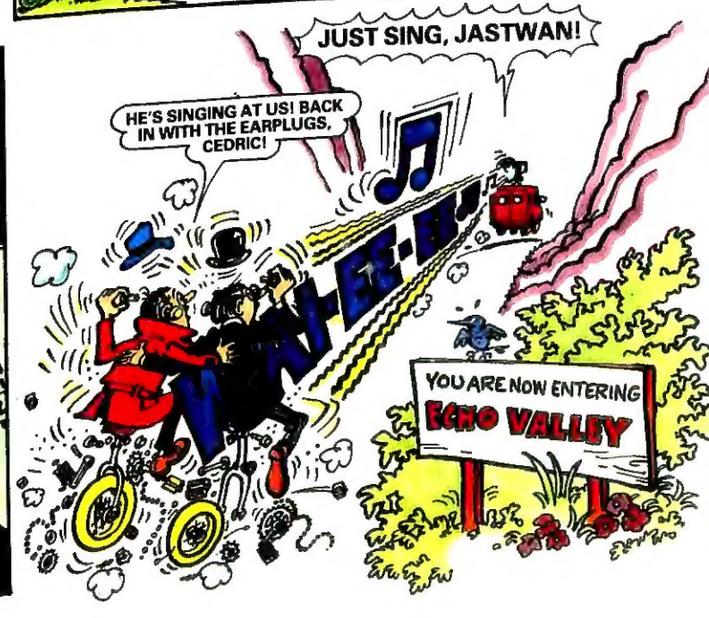
As the plaster ceiling smashed down, out flew the forgotten earplugs. Had YOU forgtten them, folks? No? Oh well, only asking . . .

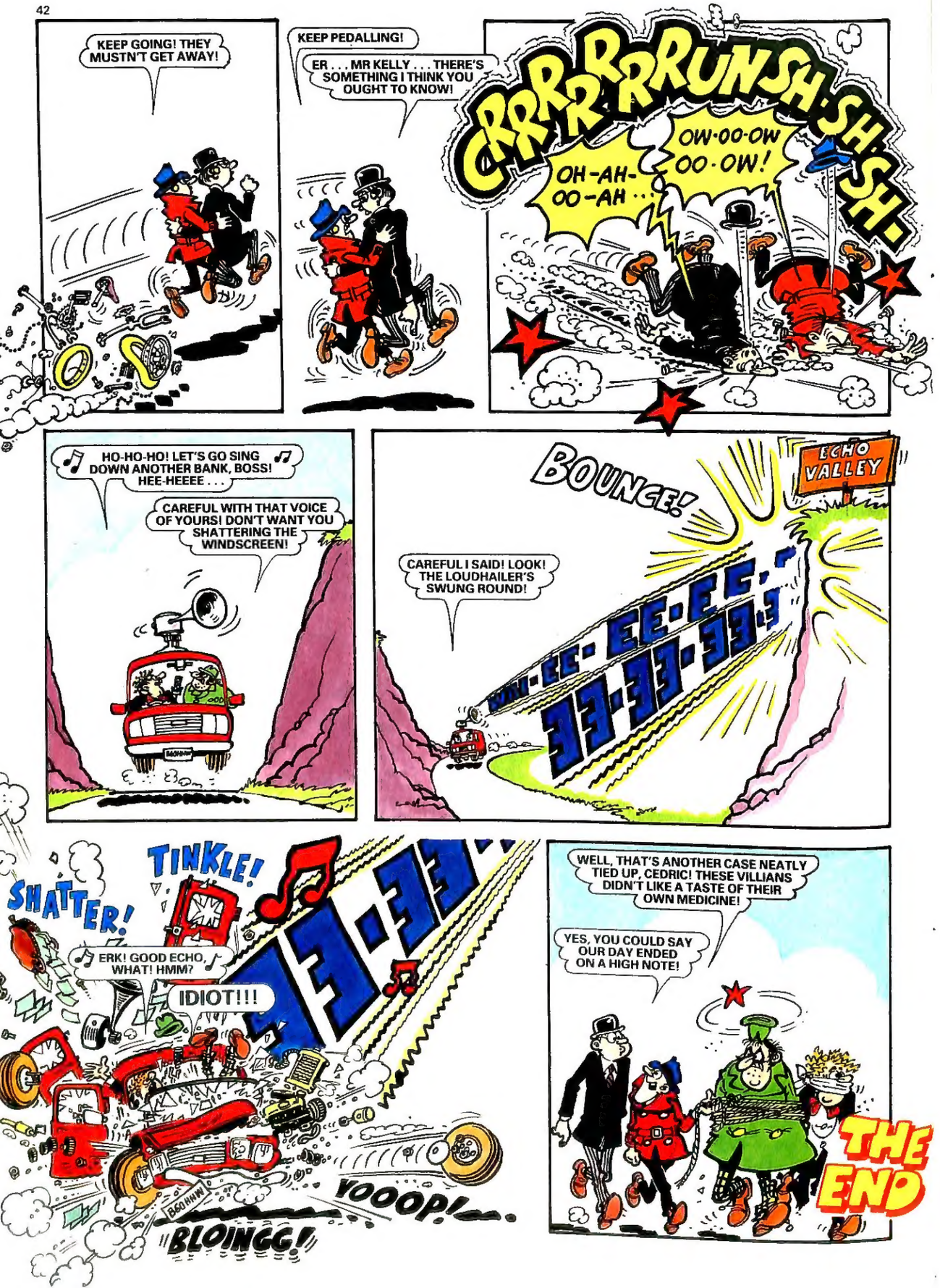




Up ahead in the getaway van, the villains caught a glimpse of their intrepid pursuers.







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Not knowing what has happened to Wendy is bad, but Karen discovers that finding out the truth is worse — much worse!

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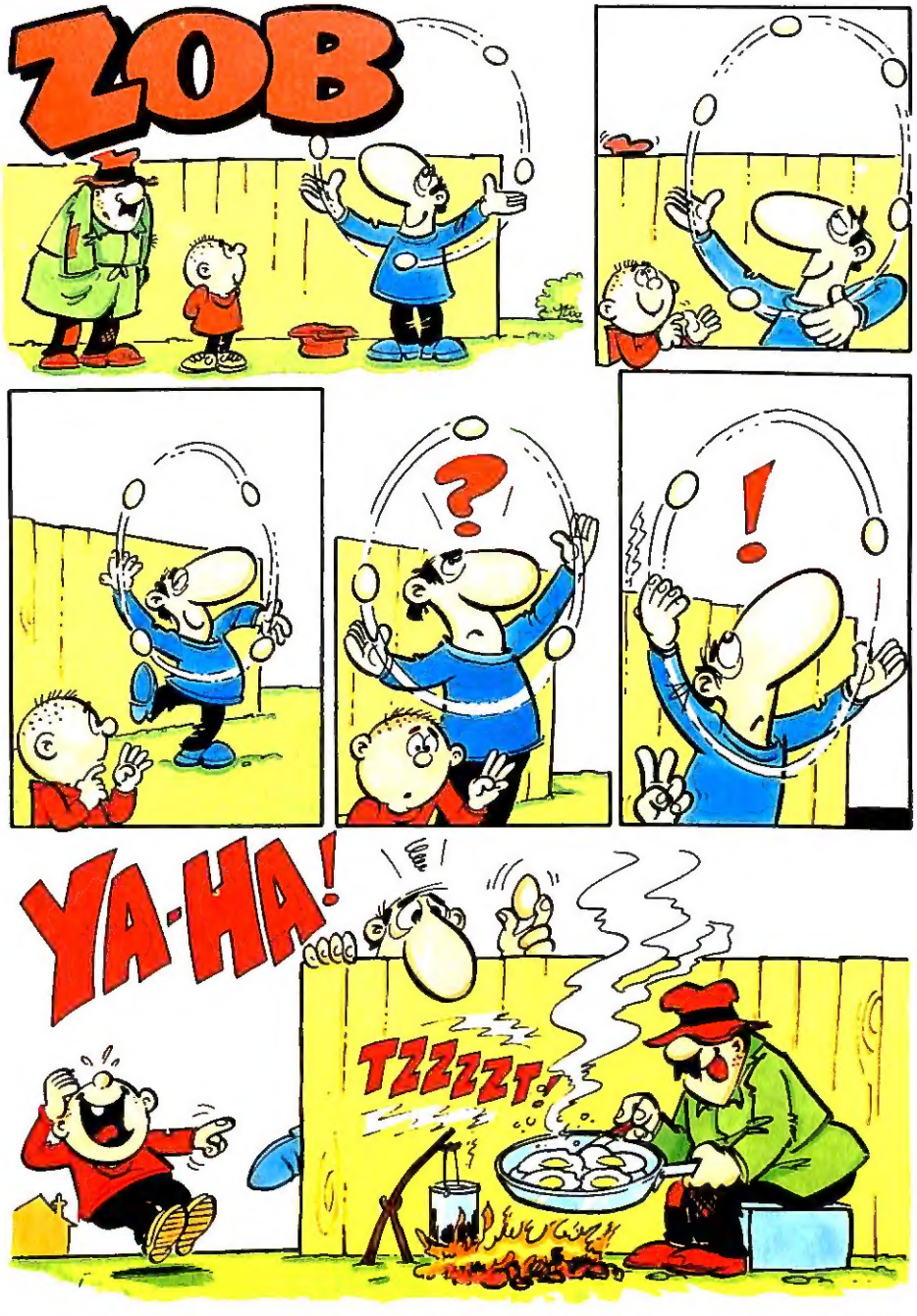

SUPER MAGS

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